Atkinson's Saturday Evening Post.

A FAMILY NEWSPAPER—DEVOTED TO NEWS, LITERATURE, SCIENCE, MORALITY, AGRICULTURE AND AMUSEMENT.

Vol. XVII. Philadelphia, May 26, 1838. Whole No. 878.

For the Saturday Evening Post.

LINES

Suggested by an incident on one of the Great Lakes, in the summer of 1837.

The steamer's bow, with motion free, the slumbering water curled,
Her banner, floating o'er the wave, the passing breeze unfurled;
The joyful throng hung o'er her sides as swiftly as she flew;
Gay youth and age were gazing there, the smiling infant too.
Beneath an awning's grateful shade, watched by a nurse's care,
That sprightly infant played, and tossed its tiny arms in air;
But what except a mother's love will safely shield from harm?
A sudden spring the prattler gave—the wave received its form.
A drowning child! Oh, what a chill that cry sent thro' and through,
The frantic mother's aching heart, as to the side she flew.
Her husband caught her fainting form, when anguish utt'rance gave—
Will none, oh will none here he cried, my struggling infant save.
I'll try, exclaimed a noble boy, whose feeling heart was wrung,
Twelve summers scarce had browned his cheek, yet boldly forth he sprung;
The deck his swinging doublet caught, his boots he also drew,
And headlong from the railing top his bounding form he threw.
As some wild fowl, that seeks the deep to find a forage there,
Then upward shooting, cleaves the wave to snuff the grateful air,
So plunged the boy, so buoyantly he also rose to view;
Then striking out, by feeling urged, no fear he felt or knew.
Obedient to the ready helm, the vessel's circling race
[illegible] her swiftly moving keel, and brought her near the place;
And when the generous daring boy had seized his sinking prize,
The crew on board sent up a shout that mounted to the skies.
The rumbling tackle next was heard, as downward sped the yawl—
Away! away! as charger swift obeys the trumpet's call;
The struggling boy and senseless child escaped the boiling tide,
And swiftly back the dancing boat soon reached the steamer's side.
Dripping like some young river god, the deck our hero gained,
And to its happy mother's breast the sighing babe was strained.
[illegible] boy! the father cried, our debt involves the heart—
Yet let the golden tribute* too, some recompense impart.
[illegible] ruddy morn's soft mellow tint, was shamed by such a hue
As that which mounted to his cheek and stained its mantle thro'
The gallant boy withdrew his hand, and mildly raised his eye—
I save a life I risked my own,—can gold such efforts buy?

W. B.

* A watch.

ZAMOR.

CHAPTER I.

[illegible] air was basking in the noontide among [illegible] hills that are traversed by the rapid Erigon. [illegible] woody sides of the valleys which opened [illegible] the river, lay slumbering in breezy dim[illegible] but the sky was blue and bright around [illegible] easts and peaks of the mountains, except [illegible] broad white clouds, floating high and [illegible] between them and the sun, varied the [illegible]cape by occasional sweeps of shadow. [illegible] sparkling and winding water flowed silent[illegible] the green bases of the eminences, and [illegible] face was marked by nothing but the dif[illegible] ces of colour occasioned by the wind and [illegible], and by the fresh looking islets of water [illegible], or the trunk of a tree rolling down the [illegible]nt, and showing its brown branches, or the [illegible] rent of its stem, among the shining ripples. [illegible] one of the glens which descended towards [illegible] ream, a boy of thirteen or fourteen years [illegible] was slowly wandering. He was tall, and [illegible] noble presence. His open and upturned [illegible] was surrounded with careless ringlets of [illegible] own hair, and was shaded by a low cap [illegible] et, in which he wore an eagle's feather. [illegible] coloured kirtle descended to his knee, [illegible] owsers which left the leg exposed above [illegible] dal. A belt of wolf's-skin sustained a [illegible] word, and confined his dress around the [illegible] and he led with the left hand, in a twist[illegible] of gold, a large and powerful dog, while, [illegible] ght, he carried a strong hunting spear, [illegible] of which gleamed like a star above his [illegible] His features were of a regular and spi[illegible] beauty; and his quick eye perpetually [illegible] from the path he was pursuing to the [illegible] round him and the skies beyond. He [illegible] in his devious and negligent course, [illegible] king into thought, now rushing and leap[illegible] rocks and bushes, while the dog sprang [illegible] barked, and sported round him, till he [illegible] an irregular and broken wood, which [illegible], though with many intervals, along the [illegible] banks of the river.

[illegible] boy threw himself under the shade of an [illegible] where he had a glimpse of the cool water [illegible] the stems of the trees; and his canine [illegible] couched quietly by his side, now looking [illegible] his face, now rubbing his legs with its [illegible] wagging its bushy tail, now closing its [illegible] sinking with a sigh into a tranquil [illegible] The youth, too, was so still, that he might [illegible] thought to slumber, had not his rest[illegible] ces indicated the stir within. It was, [illegible] a mind not formed for inactivity; but [illegible] thoughts were rather the overflowing [illegible] of its vigour, than the application of it [illegible] finite end. He remembered the ora[illegible] had spoken among the ancient oaks [illegible], till he almost heard the promise of his [illegible] ness sounding from the trees, while [illegible] bled and rustled around and above [illegible] then came imaginations of the Dryads, [illegible] spirits, so beautiful and so capricious, [illegible] accustomed to fly from men, and de[illegible] their loveliness to the greenwood shade. [illegible] moved the shadow of some branch, [illegible] to think that he saw the waving of the [illegible]; and he beheld for a moment the [illegible] the light footsteps, in the casual [illegible] a sunbeam through the foliage on the [illegible] of the vistas before him. These [illegible] away, and in their place seemed [illegible] through the distant obscurity of the [illegible] pomp and triumph of Bacchus,— [illegible] with arms and wine-cups, and bas[illegible] gems fruits unknown to Europe, the [illegible] and glowing limbs of damsels, whose [illegible] Oriental flowers shook fragrance [illegible] air, while swiftly and gracefully [illegible] aloft and struck together their ring[illegible], ancient Pan with a world of mer[illegible] pipe, and, amid a tumult of green [illegible] wild exultations, the young con[illegible] himself drawn forward by his lions, with [illegible] a hundred victories on his brow, [illegible] of a hundred vintages on his [illegible] spear so often washed in wine, and so [illegible] with grapes and ivy-berries, half hid [illegible] foliage, that not a trace of its my[illegible] was visible. They gleamed [illegible] from the recesses of the green [illegible] eye of the dreaming boy; and why [illegible] he too be the conqueror of Asia, and [illegible] return over the Hellespont, laden [illegible] with the spoils of the Euphrates [illegible] while he thought it, so hastily that his [illegible] slight cry at feeling the pull which [illegible] received from the arm of his master, [illegible] forward eagerly for an instant. [illegible] right hand grasped the spear with an [illegible] icating, even then, how bold would be [illegible] and how wide the fame, of Alexander [illegible] Philip. [illegible] forward for a few minutes with [illegible] tuosity, when his attention was di[illegible] seeing a large blue butterfly, which [illegible] his path. He freed from the collar [illegible] which held Lacon, and pursued the [illegible] the dog, in imitation of his master, [illegible] and eager in pursuit of the [illegible] object. It led him among the hills which he had before left, never coming within his reach, but never mounting so far away as to make him relinquish the pursuit. It flew at last over the edge of a precipice into a broken and narrow dell; but the fearless and active boy dropped from the verge, and, after scrambling for a minute or two among the rocks and bushes, reached the end of the descent. It was a wild and lonely hollow, on the steep banks and narrow area of which the pine and the cypress rose above the thick underwood of weeds, shrubs, and flowers. The insect still hovered before its pursuer; and, after a few steps, he found that he had followed it into an ancient cemetery. The tombs seemed to have been mouldering in neglect for centuries, and merely a few irregular mounds, and broken fragments of walls remained. Beyond one of these relics of building, now covered with different vigorous creepers, the bright blue wings disappeared. He went to the spot, and found that, beyond the dilapidated wall, the sun streamed in upon a little patch of grass. Here the insect had poised itself upon a human skull, half covered with moss, and crowned by a natural wreath of trailing honey-suckle. Thus was perched the beautiful and airy creature he had been chasing, with its azure fans expanded, and glittering in the sunshine. It seemed the immortal Psyche, the spiritual life, waiting to take wing from amid the dust and decay of mortality. The boy leaped over the obstruction, and stopped to seize it; but it vibrated for an instant the splendid pennons which served it for sails, and rose swiftly and far above the head of the disappointed pursuer.

He looked after it for a few seconds, and Lacon bayed fiercely at the soaring insect; but his owner stooped again to the relic; for, when he had previously bent towards the butterfly, he had seen what appeared to be metal shining on the turf. It was a large gold coin which lay between the teeth of the skull. The device of an eye within a circle was distinctly visible on one side, and on the other was traced, in the oldest character Alexander had ever seen, the word Zamor.

He restored the coin to its place; but, such was his recollection of the occurrence, that the signet wherewith, in after years, he sealed Hephaestion's lips, bore the device of a butterfly poised upon a skull, with the motto Zamor.

CHAPTER II.

The youth was a youth no more. He was, in all the vigour and beauty of manhood, a sovereign and a conqueror, and roamed no longer in the woods of Macedonia, but in the deep gloom of an Indian forest. He had outstripped his train in the eagerness of the chase; and, when the thick jungle prevented him from continuing his course on horseback, he leaped from the saddle and pierced his way on foot. His mantle was now of regal splendour, and his light helmet was encircled with a slender diadem of gold. The garment which fell from under his inlaid cuirass to his knee, was interwoven with silver thread, and his sandals were studded with jewels. His lips had gained the firm expression of will and power, and thought had left its stamp upon his forehead.

He speedily penetrated through the thicket which had interrupted him, and found himself in a little glade, surrounded by spreading trees. He stood still, and gazed for a moment; and it seemed to him that he heard not far off the half stifled sobs of sorrow. He moved in the direction of the sound, and, after pushing through a screen of bushes, found himself, near an old man, who knelt upon the ground, close to the trunk of a great tree; and, while his clasped hands trembled on his shuddering breast, the tears fell thickly from his eyes. He wore the dress of a Brahmin. Beside him lay the corpse of a girl, apparently twelve or thirteen years of age. Though her skin was rather more dusky than that of Europeans, she was very beautiful in the eyes of the King.—Her round and shining limbs were of the most exquisite delicacy; the long black hair, wreathed with white flowers, fell loose over her maiden bosom, which had ceased to heave with the breath of life. An arrow had pierced her through the body, and the blood had flowed to the knees of the old man, and stained his garments. He was a father wailing over his murdered child.

Alexander silently approached, and saw that on the left breast of the lovely form, in which the heart no longer stirred, a blue butterfly had placed itself. The agony and tears of the parent did not disturb it. He touched the hair and fingers of the body with a trembling affection, and gazed at it long and passionately; and then again his whole frame was shaken, and he burst into a paroxysm of grief. As the King drew near, the insect rose and soared away to the heavens. Alas! that, like it, the corpse could not raise itself from the dust it adorned, and move again in all the vivacity and grace of its former existence!

The conqueror spoke in a low, reverential, and sympathising voice to the bereaved father. The old man started at the sound, rose to his feet, and shook off, as far as nature permitted him, the tokens of his agony. Alexander asked him, by what misfortune he had lost his daughter. "The soldiers," replied the Brahmin, "of the insane and cruel invader who has attacked our country, seized my child, and would have detained her, but that she escaped by flight from their hands, when one of them shot an arrow, which slew my beautiful and my beloved."—"I swear by the gods, they shall be punished; but do you know, old man, to whom you speak, that you thus venture to calumniate the great Alexander?"—"If I could not judge by the vulgar signs of those gay and fantastic trappings, I should yet recognise the eyes which so readily glare, the nostril that dilates, the brow that contracts, with passion. These all mark the man who has been accustomed to command others, but not himself."—"This is a sight," replied the King, pointing to the dead body, "which prompts me to forgive your boldness."—"It is a sight, O King, which should rather teach you that I do not need your forgiveness. You have robbed my earthly existence of its charm and glory—I care not how soon it may end."—"This is philosophy which would have pleased Callisthenes. What is your name and condition?"—"I am called Sabas; and, after having travelled over many countries, and learned your language in the Lesser Asia, I have lived, and been happy"—here he faltered, and looked at his child—"at the tomb of the sage Zamor."

The warrior started at the name, and asked of Sabas who was Zamor. The Brahmin replied, that he had lived many ages before, and had been a mighty conqueror; but that, after overrunning half the earth, he had flung away at once the sceptre and the sword, and betaken himself to a life of meditation and benevolence. The old man went on to say, that the King would learn more from the chief of the Brahmins, who attended the tomb, and to him Sabas brought Alexander.

The ancient teacher to whom the Grecian commander was thus introduced, trembled in his presence, and, on his demanding to know something more with regard to Zamor, replied, that, in addition to what Sabas had told him, the following information was all he could supply: The venerated being in question had employed the later moments of his protracted life in giving directions as to the place and manner in which his ashes were to be disposed of; and, in the volume of pure morality and sublime devotion which he had left, it was declared that the iron doors which bounded his sepulchre would never open, till one who had been as great a conqueror as himself should demand admission. In the course of many ages none such had presented himself. The pride and curiosity of the Sovereign were aroused, and he desired to be led to the tomb. The Brahmin summoned his brethren, and in long files they preceded Alexander to the cavern. Its rocky circuit was of sufficient extent to include them all; and they ranged themselves around the sides, and their leader and the Monarch advanced to the tomb, on which several lamps were burning. Here the Chief Brahmin offered up his prayers, while the Macedonian went forward to the doors at the farther extremity, and to the horror of the throng, violently smote the massy metal with the hilt of his sword. The doors crashed open slowly, and displayed a staircase. The king descended fearlessly and alone, and, after a long absence, returned with a haggard countenance and disordered steps to the cavern, while the doors closed suddenly behind him. He seemed, at first, confused and bewildered; but soon recovering himself, he looked round him at the Brahmins, and said, "I know not whether you have a share in yonder mummery; but, at all events, let a wall be built across that entrance, sufficient to prevent any future attempts like mine." He had paused, and seemed relapsing into deep and doubtful thought, when there was heard without, a loud rush and clang, mingled with the sound of trumpets. Alexander knew the notes, and, resuming all the soldier and the king, gravely saluted the Generals who had sprung from their horses, and entered to cave to seek him. He moved before them to the mouth of the cavern, and found his usual train of several hundred horsemen, with the chief nobility of Macedonia, Greece, and Persia, awaiting his appearance. Innumerable varieties of dress and arms, of language and countenance, were here assembled; and every province he ruled over had sent its noblest and its most splendid inhabitants to swell the court of Alexander. All were mounted on the fleetest and most beautiful coursers of Thessaly and Asia, and an unrivalled steed was led by the grooms of the Monarch. He mounted it with a careless bound, and while he galloped from the spot, followed by the glittering whirlwind of officers, feudatories, and kings, he talked to those around him of the battle, the chase, the banquet, the philosophy of Aristotle, and the charms of Pancaste.

CHAPTER III.

The day had died in storm; and the chamber of Alexander was closed and lighted. He lay on his couch in the restlessness and pain of a fever from which he was never to recover. He was attended only by a young Persian girl, who watched his lightest word and sign with far more than the carefulness of servility.—There was all the intensity of passionate affection in that pale cheek, those tearful eyes, and that quivering forehead. She moved silently through the splendid room at the least hint of the patient's want, and, when it was satisfied, she would sit down and weep in silence. It was early in the evening when he said, "Abra, I would speak with Perdiccas." She flew from the chamber, and in a few moments returned with the person named, and then retired to the ante-chamber, where, among slaves, guards, attendants, and physicians, she hid her face in her hands, and sobbed bitterly, while she thought that the man she loved would so soon breathe his last.

Perdiccas entered the room silently and slowly, and sat beside the bed. After a few moments of heavy breathing, the King turned towards his friend, and told him to move the lamp so that it might throw no light upon the couch. He then proceeded thus:

"Perdiccas, you will remember having once found me in India, at the tomb of Zamor. I have revealed to no man what I saw there; but I will now disclose it to you. The circumstances which led me thither are of but little importance. Suffice it that I presented myself at the iron gates, and that they opened to admit me. I proceeded down a long and dark flight of steps, then through a passage, then down other steps, and had at last advanced to an immense distance through the rock. I thought for a moment of returning, but I went on, and travelled, as it seemed, league after league. At length I reached an iron grating, which with some difficulty I pushed open, and found myself in a large chamber. On the opposite wall there appeared to be a faint glimmer of light, and to it I proceeded. I touched the spot, and it felt like the side of a tent, and, in truth, I found that it was a curtain, covering an aperture. I pulled it aside, and a broad pale light burst upon me through the opening, which also gave me a view of another, and far larger chamber than that in which I stood.

"The room into which I looked was a vast gallery, which stretched its dreary vista almost beyond the sight. The floor was of black marble, and the sides of polished porphyry. Along the walls thrones were ranged at equal spaces, to an interminable distance. Those on one side were all occupied, except the nearest, which bore the name of Zamor, but which his late penitence and imperfect reparation had saved the ancient conqueror from occupying. The throne opposite to this—the first in the vacant line—was inscribed 'Alexander.' And, O Perdiccas! could I speak with the tongue of one of those Athenian poets whose renown will be as great as mine, I should yet be unable to express the tithe of that horror which seized me when I looked upon the tenants of those other thrones, and saw that a similar one was destined for me! It is not that they had an aged or a barbaric appearance,—though their hairs were white, and their brows haggard, and their dresses were those of the East and of the North,—but their faces were marked with a still desperation, and their bodies settled in a calm agony, of which I had no previous conception. I have often looked upon death; but no pangs from the sword, nor from the torture, ever seemed to me more than a slight discomfort compared to the sufferings of those mighty and glorious warriors. They sat motionless as the rocks on the banks of Phlegethon; but it was the tranquility of an endurance which feels that it would be hopeless to attempt escape. The eyes of some of them were nearly closed, and there seemed no light in their countenances, but a dull dead glare which escaped from beneath their shadowing eyelids. There was one hoary head and swarthy cheek, with a diadem of jewels, and the Egyptian beetle on his breast, and I knew the presence of Sesostris. And there was ancient Belus, with the star of the Babylonian wizards on his brow, and leaning his awful head upon his hand. And there was the warrior-deity of those Scythians whom in my boyhood I subdued, clothed in wolf-skins, but with a cuirass on his breast, and a crown of iron around his scarred forehead. Hercules, too, whom we have dreamed a god, leaned upon his club in anguish, which though silent was more horrible than the pangs he endured from the robe of Nessus; and a greater than he, or than all the rest, showed the written features and sunken cheeks of long-sustained suffering beneath those emblems of mysterious strength, the moonlike horns of Ammon. There was one spirit, and but one, in whom the fiery energy of his nature was not repressed by the tremendous fate to which he was subjected,—the Greek who in his youth was victor over Asia, the fleetest, the most beautiful, the bravest, the most unhappy, the demi-god Achilles. His eyes still shone like stars amid the burning halo wherewith his head was of old encircled by Minerva, and which still beamed around him, as if in mockery of those white lips compressed and agitated with a paroxysm of affliction too mighty for even the slayer of Hector to master it. In the shield which leant against his knees, I saw not the images of the harvest and the dance but the reflection of the hero's immeasurable pain.

"The feet of each of these terrible shadows were placed upon an image of the world; and before my throne I saw a similar attribute. My empire seemed to clasp with its boundary an enormous portion of the earth; but its limits were faint and wavering, and methought at every instant they shrank and broke asunder. Above the thrones were trophies; but in the midst of each of them, that grey, stern Destiny, who, from its iron cave, in some distant planet, sends forth the silent blasts that sway the universe, had fixed some emblem of mockery, shame, and evil: the mowing ape, the crawling worm, the foulness of the harpy, the envenomed slime of the serpent, showed themselves among the spoils, weapons, crowns, and banners of royalty and conquest. And over all this a ghastly light was shed from the eyeless sockets of skeleton warders, who waited upon the enthroned victims.

"Can you wonder, my friend, that I felt a horror which swords, and flames, and menacing millions could not inspire, when I gazed upon the eternal agonies of those beings, so dead to all but misery? My eyes almost failed to see, and my feet to stand, when I turned from them to mark the throne which bore so deeply engraven on its granite pedestal, the name of 'Alexander.' From that hour my nature has changed. I have not had the resolution to yield up my conquests, and disrobe myself of my greatness; but I have sought to lose the memory of my former deeds, and future doom in revelries and intoxications, which, at last, have brought me death, though they have never bestowed forgetfulness. I shall soon be among those dreary and tormented shadows of departed power and dearly bought renown. 'Take you this ring,' (and he gave him the emblematic signet,) 'and when you look upon it, remember, that not the image you see upon it, of immortal life and unbroken happiness, will dwell with the remains of kings and conquerors, but the polluting earth-worm and the stinging scorpion.' His voice had grown hoarse and broken; and he proceeded slowly and feebly: 'Though I have failed to profit by the lesson, thus much I have been taught by Zamor.'"

He never spoke again. He left for his generals, the slavery of Greece and the distraction of the world; to Perdiccas, a counsel by which he had not profited himself; to Abra, a desolate existence and a broken heart. And so did he perish at Babylon, whose boyhood had sped so blithely among the hills of Macedonia.

SORROW.

BY MOORE.

As a beam o'er the face of the waters may glow,
While the tide runs in darkness and coldness below,
So the cheek may be ting'd with a warm sunny smile,
Though the cold heart to ruin runs darkly the while.

One fatal remembrance, one sorrow that throws
Its bleak shade alike o'er our joys and our woes,
To which life nothing darker or brighter can bring
For which joy has no balm and affliction no sting.

Oh! this thought in the midst of enjoyment, will stay
Like a dead leafless branch in the summer's bright ray;
The beams of the warm sun play around it in vain,
It may smile in its light, but it blooms not again.

For the Saturday Evening Post.

LINES

On the death of Miss Varia Louise Ellis.

Daughter we mourn for thee
With a bereaved, and a sadden'd heart,
Shoot of the parent tree
That blooms above the heaven where thou art.

Sister,—beloved, and gone,
Hush'd is the music of thy gentle voice,
No more its soothing tone,
Shall bid the sad and weary heart rejoice.

Dearest—who by my side
Was as the Ivy, to the sturdy Oak,
My heart's long chosen bride,
Out of the ruin'd hopes, death sternly broke.

These are the wailing sounds
Of those who bend above the pulseless clay,
These are the hearts, whose wounds
Make bleeding offerings, on thy tomb to lay.

Look from thy home of light
Spirit of grace, unto the guardian arm,
That guided thee aright,
Through the world's wilderness of sin, and harm.

Tell him, thy home is high
Above the ever-burning stars of God,
Thy mansion is the Sky,
Where plains of glory, are by Angels trod.

And bid the weeping eyes
Of the loved sister of thy childhood's days
Turn to the faith, whose ties
No moth corrupts, or changing time decays.

Tell her, she may no more
Unite on earth, the chain so early riven,
But, on God's holy shore,
The once knit links, shall be rejoined in heaven.

And bid his heart be calm,
Who sought to win thee at the Altar shrine,
Tell him, there is a balm
For the sick bosom in the grace divine.

Thou never more may'st stand
In the old pathways, early love endears,
No gather in a band,
The young companions of thy tender years.

But, thou shalt bid them come—
Father, and sister, all thou'st loved of old,
Friends of thy heart, and home,
In white robed radiance, to the Shepherd's fold.

Then dry the weeping eye,
Tho' the crush'd flower is buried in the sod,
It hath been call'd on high,
To flourish in the garden of its God.

C. H. W.

Cruise in the West Indies.

By the author of "Nelsonian Reminiscences."

The inspiring tune of the "Roast Beef of Old England" had just ceased its echoes through the decks of his Majesty's sloop * * * *, when her captain, better known by the name of Mad Mac, than the more christian one given by his godfathers and godmothers, accosted me as officer of the watch, though I was first lieutenant—"Keep her close in shore, *sir*." And he stalked with all the stateliness of a new-made commander down the companion ladder. How the noble chief had attained the above cognomen I have no personal knowledge, but report whispered something of outrageous passion nearly allied to insanity, and of the reef-point of a topsail shot from under the hand of the man who was tying it, by *his* pistol-ball. Be that as it may, from long experience I am convinced of the truth of the observation of a celebrated counsellor, whose out-of-the-way simile having excited the stare of the Court, pursued his address with—"My lord, in fact, all men are mad at times, and this has been my mad moment."

Captain Mac's madness assumed the offensive form of pride and austerity, which nothing could soften but the magic name of a noble lady—some far-off cousin, a hundred degrees removed. This magical word sometimes procured me an invite and a share of a bottle of claret from the great bashaw.

"Captain Mac," addressing my superior respectfully, "I think it my duty to mention that I feel it impossible, *being new to the climate* to keep myself awake at watch and watch, and liable to all calls, as first lieutenant, both by day and night; and as Mr. Bennett has passed for lieutenant, we, that is, the second lieutenant and myself, hope that you will permit either him or the master to take the third."

"Quarter-master," said the captain, "I desire my clerk to bring me the Articles of War. Now, sir, you will be pleased to attend to this. 'If any person in the fleet shall sleep on his watch, he shall be punished with death.' So much for the first part of your request. For the latter, the master, and Mr. Bennett are not commissioned officers, and I am instructed by the Admiralty to intrust his Majesty's sloop with them alone."

He issued a written order that no boat should leave the ship without his special commands, or sail be shortened, without *his* directions. These orders we soon contrived to get rescinded in the following manner:—being all ready, we allowed the squall to press the ship on her beam-ends, and then loudly called down into the cabin that the masts would go or the brig upset, unless instantly relieved. This would bring a screaming command from the sleeping commander, to let fly everything, and he, for his own comfort, saw the necessity of leaving the shortening of sail to the discretion of the officers of the watch.

The sloop anchored off Aruba to water. This small island is the resort of smugglers, run-away slaves, and all kinds of run-aways, from the Spanish main. The captain, after landing, let his gig return, *without note or message*. Towards sun set, the signal man reported the captain on the beach, waving his handkerchief. This conveyed an intimation, but could not set aside the written order respecting the boats, which we were told to obey on our peril.

"Are you sure, coxswain, that the captain sent no order about his gig?"

"None whatever, sir, but shove off, and go on board."

"Very well, Mr. Pipes; turn the hands up and hoist in the boats."

"Arn't I to go for the captain before dark, sir!" said the coxswain.

"Certainly not, for I have a written order that prevents me from sending a boat."

The coxswain touched his hat and, with a knowing smile, walked off.

When darkness ensued, a fire blazed on the beach, but the second lieutenant and myself were steady-going officers, and could not act on a surmise that the captain might want his boat, and send one in defiance of his written order—Oh no; we knew the service better. So leaving orders with the officer of the watch, to hoist out the boats at day-light, and send them for water, agreeable to his written orders before leaving, Dick Grant (the second luff) and myself joined our messmates at supper, and a merry supper it was, for one or the other of the mess popped their heads up the companion, to see how well the captain managed his fire, and their reports of its drooping or burning brightly were received with uncontrolled bursts of laughter, for his tyranny and oppression had turned all our better feelings into intense hatred. Let the censorious figure to themselves hell upon earth, and they will form but a faint idea of the misery of a sloop commander by a *morose, tyrannical* disposition, then imagine the actors overgrown boys, and they will be near the truth.

At six A. M. the officers were drawn up on the quarter-deck to receive the captain, who did not appear with his usual neatness of attire, and looked pale with rage. The boatswain's shrill pipe manned the side, and the officers uncovered as Captain Mac stepped on the deck of his Majesty's sloop.—"I ask you, sir, as first lieutenant, in the presence of your brother officers, if you were not acquainted with my being on the beach, and waving for my boat yesterday, about sunset?"

"It was not only reported to me, but I saw you myself."

"Then what could induce you to keep me all night among a set of villains that I am astonished did not cut my throat for my epaulettes?"

"This order, Captain Mac, and the dread we all entertain of being brought to a court-martial for disobedience."

He snatched the paper I held to him, and tore it to atoms.

"If I die of the fever I am now suffering under, you are my murderer, and I fear, gentlemen, you are all aiding and assisting."

And down he went to his cot.

The doctor in a short time relieved our anxiety by information that his illness proceeded from suppressed passion more than from the fever of the climate. He recovered, but with no improvement in disposition.

This has been a long digression; but now to return to my tale. We were running off the wind, along the island of Curacoa, pretty close in-shore.

"Capt. Mac," called I, down the companion, "the course we are now steering will take the brig within point blank of the Dyke Fort."

"*Keep your course*, sir; and if the blackguards dare to fire on us, cast loose one of the carronades, and blow them into"—*I should blush to write where.*"

"Gunners, clear away the foremast carronade; give it elevation, and point it for the fort now opening the point."

At this moment a twelve-pounder from the battery whistled very melodiously over us.

"Their shot carry outside of us, sir."

This communication was unnecessary, for the captain, with his mouth full, appeared on deck, and with much spluttering, ordered the main-topsail to be thrown aback, and the people to quarters; and we turned to with a good will, and answered their fire in fine style, throwing a number of well-directed shot into the fort.

Our commander, who prided himself on his gunnery, now pointed one of the carronades, and fired, without taking out the monkey-tail. The recoil of the gun threw it with furious violence between his legs, and his escape was miraculous. "A miss is as good as mile," said the captain; "but what signal is flying on board the commodore?"

"Our signal to come within hail."

"Fill the main-topsail—haul aboard the fore-tack."

And we passed under the stern of La Franchise.

"I am delighted, sir," said Captain Murray, "with the way in which you sealed your guns; really it was very pretty firing; but I called you off for fear an unlucky shot should cripple a lower mast or yard, as I cannot afford to loose a sloop so efficient from the squadron."

Here the polished manners of the commodore got the better of his love of truth; for the discipline of the sloop was, as may be imagined, very so-so, and capable of improvement.

"Sir," said my good-natured chief, "this brig is in very bad order."

"She is, sir," replied I, pulling off my hat.

"Then the fault must be yours or mine."

"Yours, sir, I think," again bowing.

"How will you make that appear, sir?"

"In this way, sir; by every effort you have endeavoured to lower me in the estimation of the crew, and this conduct to the second officer is enough to disorganise a ship."

"Give me an instance, sir."

"Yesterday, Captain Mac, you ordered me as first lieutenant of the sloop to lower down the jolly boat, and pick up an empty cask; when I desired a midshipman to perform that duty, you countermanded it, and obliged me to do it myself."

"Oh! you are a bit of a lawyer I see, sir, and I will avail myself of the first opportunity of breaking you."

"Sir, I feel particularly obliged for your kind intentions, and shall guard against them to the best of my power;" and with a low bow I quitted my amiable commander.

The commodore made arrangements for storming the Dyke Fort on the night of the day that we had cannonaded it. A hundred volunteers were to land at ten o'clock at night, under the command of Mr. Fleming, the first lieutenant of La Franchise. I was honoured with the command of our quota from the brig, namely, twenty picked seamen, armed with cutlasses, pistols, and pikes. Our party drew up on the beach on a very dark night, neither moon nor stars visible. The storming party consisted of the same number of seamen from the four ships and twenty marines from La Franchise under one of their own lieutenants—the whole commanded by as gallant a man as ever drew a sword, Fleming, first of the commodore's frigate. My orders were to keep the party compact, by bringing up the rear. A Dutch guide moved with the forlorn hope in advance, composed of a sergeant and six marines, and were followed at twelve paces by the remainder of the jollies with bayonets fixed. "To the right face,"—and we moved off the beach, striking into swampy ground, at a brisk pace. In a short time we found ourselves bewildered among high canes. A halt was called, and the Dutch guide ordered to the commanding officer. I saw some confusion in the van of our small party, and heard along the line, "Officers to the front." On reaching Fleming I found the Dutch guide had escaped, by an imposition practised on the advance, that he wished to communicate with the commanding officer. From the height of the canes, and the darkness of the night, he easily contrived to elude the vigilance of those he had devoted to destruction. Great consternation prevailed among the staff, which was not lessened by the sound of an alarm gun from the fort.

"That sound directs us where we should go, and the quicker the better. Officers to your post, and keep your men together. Double quick time, and follow me."

Thus spoke our gallant commander—and the party pushed rapidly on until stopped by a heavy volley, but ill-directed, on our marine advance, who fell back on the main body. "Close with the front," was vociferated along our line. I thought I perceived a greater inclination for the opposite way; and by threats, with the point of the sword, had just closed with the front, when with a loud shout the Dutch party, who had fired on the advance, broke from their ambush, and crossed bayonets with our marine force. Lieutenant Fleming, who was at their head received a bayonet through his jacket, which was flying open. The thrust, which was intended for his heart, was made with such force, that the Dutchman fell from not meeting the expected resistance of his body; and as he lay prostrate and bareheaded, our gallant commander's sabre flashed even in the darkness of night, and was in the act of descending on his head, when the Dutchman rose upon his knees, and with upraised hands implored the mercy he ill-deserved from his gallant opponent. The truly brave are always the most merciful; and Lieutenant Fleming stayed the uplifted weapon, and with self-possession that did him honour, collared the trembling wretch; and under fear of instant death compelled him to lead us to the Dyke Fort, into which we scrambled in the best way we could. As my muscular power was not sufficient to get over the wall, with my cutlass guarding my head, I, being then of slender make, contrived to crawl through one of the embrasures, and found the fort in possession of the gallant Fleming, who, if alive, I believe, still remains a lieutenant up this day; his noble captain dying shortly afterwards, his interest died with him!

When with difficulty I had crawled through the embrasure, all the time expecting my quietus in the shape of a ball, bayonet, or pike, as an intolerable noise prevailed, interspersed with sundry sharp cracks from pistol and gun, with pleasure I found myself again in an erect position, and taking a survey of the scene before me. In the centre of the fort, drawn up with military precision, stood the jollies, headed by their officer, conversing with Lieutenant Fleming, who was directing the seamen to prepare the guns—being seven twelve-pounders—to receive the flying camp of the Dutch Commandant, whose fierce attack was momentarily expected.

"I am glad to see you, youngster," said my bold commander; "I feared you were among the missing or dead."

Some lanterns were making darkness visible, and in my hurry to reach him, I fell over a Dutchman in the agonies of death: he had been shot in the groin, and in a short time expired.

"I congratulate you on your easy conquest," said I.

"Easy enough of all conscience. Most of the fools went out to lay in ambush; had they remained in the fort, we should have found tough work of it; but now we must prepare to receive the gallant Dutchman's flying camp. Take a lantern, and this Dutch prisoner will show you the magazine. See if they have cartridges filled; if not, prepare ten rounds for each gun; and be careful you do not blow us into the air, by firing the magazine. And, mister," to the marine officer, "throw out a line of picquets on the land side, the foremost one well advanced, with orders, if alarmed, to fire, and fall back on the fort."

Bearing a filthy lantern, whose dirty horn gave a dim light, I followed my guide down a flight of steps to the door of the magazine, which having forced open, I found a great quantity of powder, and many rounds of cartridges already filled, and forthwith proceeded to make my report.

"Very well—we will hold this fort against any force they can send till day-light, when, after blowing it up, we will effect our retreat as we best can, to the boats; you, or the marine officer, visit the out posts every fifteen minutes, as the utmost vigilance is necessary. The sign and countersign are Church and Chichester, which no foreigner can well pronounce."

"Agreeably to orders, I scrambled over the wall, and with a light and hasty step, a pistol in each hand, and a wary eye, I approached the different sentinels, who, fully conscious of the necessity of vigilance, at some distance challenged with "Who goes there? rounds, advanced rounds, and give the countersign;" at the same time making their muskets ring as they brought their bayonets to the charge position, and the click of the cock fell sharp upon the ear. "Chichester and all's well," ended our interview, until I came upon the advanced one. He stood like a man thoroughly alarmed, and said he had heard female moans. "Hist!" said the soldier, and the sobs and heart-searching groans, in the soft voice of the gentler sex, broke the silence of the stilly night. Led by these mournful sounds, I passed the sentinel, and in some brushwood I found a poor attenuated female, apparently of the half-cast, lying on the damp earth, with a dead infant in her arms. I conjectured that she had been shot through the body in making her escape from the fort, for her language to me was unintelligible, though her groans and shrieks spoke the universal one of suffering. I supported her head, and applied my canteen to her lips; the beverage which she eagerly swallowed seemed to revive her, and with the maternal affection so strongly implanted in woman's breast, whether black or white, she held her infant to me, seemingly unconscious of its death. I tried to raise her, with the idea of supporting her to the fort, but her excessive agony when moved obliged me to replace her, and I sat down, making my knees a pillow for her head. While cogitating on the best mode of affording relief to the poor forlorn one, for I dared not risk the safety of the whole party by taking the advanced sentinel to my assistance, I heard his sharp challenge uttered in tones of alarm, and his still sharper shot, with his hasty retreat on the fort. Being well aware that no quarters would be given by the Dutch commandant with that instinct true to nature, though it went to my heart to leave the wretched woman, I again placed my canteen to her lips, and fled, and that with such good speed, that I arrived with the outposts, who came flocking into the fort, according to their orders. The man who caused the alarm averred that he heard the measured tread of infantry, and the prancing of horses, but I think the beating of his own heart must have deceived him. We remained on the watch, and made every disposition for a desperate defence, and as the day dawned, laid a train to the magazine, and evacuated the fort, the marine force covering our retreat.

"A volunteer to fire the train!" cried the commanding officer, and several stepped forward. "Here we must regulate by length of legs, and a capacity to use them. John Wilson," calling to one of the volunteers, "I have seen you active in running up the rigging—I select you to fire the train, when you hear the report of my pistol; and remember, you run for your life. Mr. ——," addressing me, lead the party to the boats, which I now see approaching the beach. Quicken your pace as I am going to fire the train in five minutes."

I heard the signal, and in an instant there arose a volume of flame, overhung by a dense and heavy cloud, and for miles the island shook, as if from an earthquake, while the fort, with all it contained, was scattered over the face of the country. Our gallant lieutenant, with his long-legged coadjutor, joined us in perfect safety, and we entered our boats without crossing sabres with our flying enemies. Glad to find myself on board the brig, unpleasant as she was, I had scarcely refreshed myself with clean linen, when a letter was put into my hands, which caused great astonishment, and in a great measure displeasure. A youthful relative, in the first year of his apprenticeship had quitted the plodding desk, and without any permission but his own, entered in some West Indiaman from Liverpool, had got impressed by La Franchise, and was now serving in her as a mizen-topman. He, thinking I still remained in the channel fleet, when he had last heard from me, was amazed at recognizing my voice while forming the storming party on the beach on the preceding night.

"And so my dear * * *," he wrote, "I hope, from your situation and knowledge of the commodore, who is a perfect gentleman, you will induce him to take me on his quarter deck." This captain Murray did in the kindest and most gracious manner, censuring the youngster for not having made himself known to him before. I could have got him rated midshipman on board the sloop I was first lieutenant of, but I prized his happiness too sincerely to place it under the control of Captain Mac.

St. Pierre, the author of the most beautiful of all pretty stories, "Paul and Virginia," very prettily remarks in his studies of nature, "that where the great Creator places dangers, he likewise gives the means of avoiding them by such signs as must strike the most careless observer; for instance, the [illegible] breaking on rocks or shoals creates a white foam, and the darker the night, the more plainly it is seen. The voracious shark swims with a fin from his back, considerably above the water, and is obliged to turn that back to seize his prey. And from the same beneficent principle and beautiful order observable throughout the creation he makes the human countenance an index of the mind."

The hard lines of cruelty and cunning were so legibly impressed on Captain Mac's countenance as to become strongly repulsive, and I am convinced no human being ever felt, or could feel, affection for him; there was an affectation of suavity, and a smile playing round an ill-formed mouth, but it was hollow and deceptive, and truly verified the scripture, "that the heart of man is deceitful above all things." His first appearance created in me a repelling sensation of disgust and dislike, which I found on nearer acquaintance daily augmented. How inexplicable is the attraction or repulsion of human countenance, denoting in the gentle sex those amiable and endearing virtues which, old as I am, have inclined me to bow down and worship them as a superior race, nearer to angels than frail humanity, and to such expressive faces the heart fills with affection, and the hands spring to render service.

From the Northampton Courier.

"AND IS IT TRUE?"

BY L. E. L.

I often think each tottering form
That limps along in life's decline,
Once bore a heart as young, as warm,
As full of idle thought as *mine*!
And each has had his dream of joy,
His own unequalled pure romance;
Commencing, when the blushing boy
First thrills at lovely woman's glance.

And each could tell his tale of youth—
Would think its scenes of love evince
More passion, more unearthly truth,
Than any tale, before or since.
Yes! they could tell of tender lays
At midnight penned, in classic shades,
Of days more bright than modern days—
Of maids more fair than living maids.

Of whispers in a willing ear,
Of kisses on a blushing cheek—
Each kiss, each whisper, far too dear,
For modern lips to give or speak.
Of prospects, too, untimely crossed,
Of passion slighted or betrayed—
Of kindred spirits early lost,
And buds that blossomed but to fade.

Of beaming eyes, and tresses gay,
Elastic form and noble brow,
And charms—that all have passed away,
And left them—what we see them now!
And is it thus?—is human love
So very light and frail a thing!
And must youth's brightest visions move
Forever on time's restless wing?

Must all the eyes that still are bright,
And all the lips that talk of bliss,
And all the forms so fair to sight,
Hereafter only come to this?
Then what are love's best visions worth?
If we at length must lose them thus?
If all we value most on earth,
Ere long must fade away from us?

If that one being whom we take
From all the world, and still recur
To all she said, and for her sake
Feel far from joy, when far from her;
If that one form which we adore,
From youth to age, in bliss or pain,
Soon withers and is seen no more—
Why do we love—if love be vain?

Belief in Immortality.—Rameses, king of Egypt, when he wished his great obelisk to be elevated, caused his son to be attached to it, that the persons employed might feel that a life far more precious than their own depended on their labors. So is it with the belief in the immortality of the soul; it is not our lives only that depend on it, but the far-dearer ones of the departed.

Repentance.—Lost innocence is lost forever. The victim of shame may so far check her steps in the career of evil as to maintain the outward forms of worldly decency; but it is only one instance in a thousand that repentance reaches to the soul.

THE THREE BRIDES.

Towards the close of a chilly afternoon, in the latter part of November, I was travelling in New Hampshire on horseback. The road was solitary and rugged, and wound along through gloomy pine forests, over abrupt and stony hills. I stopped at an inn, a two story brick building, standing a little back from the road.

In the morning I rose early and took a look from the window, but the prospect was very uninviting. Afar, in the most distant part of the field, a man was busily engaged in digging a grave. There was something within that impelled me to stroll forth and accost him. I passed on to where the grave-digger was pursuing his occupation. He answered my morning salutation civilly enough, but continued intent upon his work. He was a man of about fifty years of age, spare but strong, with grey hair and sunken cheeks, and certain lines about the mouth which argued a propensity to indulge in dry jest, though the sternness of his gray eyes seemed to contradict the tacit assertion.

'An unpleasant morning, sir, to work in the open air,' said I.

'He that regardeth the clouds shall not reap,' replied the grave digger, still busily plying his spade. 'Death stalks abroad, fair and foul day, and we that follow in his footsteps must prepare for the dead, rain or shine.'

'A melancholy occupation.'

'A fit one for a moralist. Some would find a pleasure in it. Deacon Giles, I am sure, would willingly be in my place now.'

'And why so?'

'This grave is for his wife,' replied the grave digger, looking up from his occupation with a dry smile that wrinkled his sallow cheeks and distorted his shrunken lips. Perceiving that his merriment was not infectious, he resumed his employment, and that so assiduously, that in a very short time he had hollowed the last resting place of Deacon Giles' consort. This done, he ascended from the trench with a lightness that surprised me, and walking a few paces from the new made grave, sat down upon a tombstone, and beckoned me to approach. I did so.

'Young man,' said he, 'a sexton and a grave digger, if he is one who has a zeal for his calling, becomes something of a historian, amassing many a curious tale and strange legend concerning the people with whom he has to do, living and dead. For a man with a taste for his profession, cannot provide for the last repose of his fellows, without taking an interest in their story, the manner of death, and the concern of the relatives who follow their remains so fearfully to the grave.'

'Then,' replied I, taking a seat beside the sexton, 'methinks you could relate some interesting tales.'

Again that withering smile that I had before observed, passed over the face of the sexton as he answered—

'I am no story-teller, sir, I deal in fact, not fiction. Yes, yes, I could chronicle some strange events. But of all things I know, there is nothing stranger to you than the melancholy history of the three brides.'

'The three brides?'

'Ay. Do you see three hillocks yonder, side by side? There they sleep, and will till the last trumpet comes wailing through the heart of these lone hills, with a tone so strange and stirring, that the dead will start from their graves at its first awful note. Then will come the judgment and the retribution. But to my tale. Look there sir, on yonder hill, you may observe a little isolated house, with a straggling fence in front, and a few stunted apple trees on the ascent behind it.

It is sadly out of repair now, and the garden is all overgrown with weeds and brambles, and the whole place has a desolate appearance. If the wind were high now, you might hear the old crazy shutters flapping against the sides, and the wind tearing the gray shingles off the roof.

Many years ago, there lived an old man and his son, who cultivated the few acres of arable land which belongs to it.

The father was a self-taught man, deeply versed in the mysteries of science, and as he could tell the name of every flower that blossomed in the wood and grew in the garden; and used to sit up late at nights at his books, or reading the mystic story of the starry heavens, men thought he was crazed or bewitched, and avoided him and even hated him, as the ignorant ever shun and dread the enlightened. A few there were, and among others the minister and lawyer and physician of the place, who showed some willingness to afford him countenance, but they soon dropped his acquaintance, for they found the old man somewhat morose and reserved, and moreover their vanity was wounded by discovering the extent of his knowledge. To the minister he would quote the fathers and the Scriptures in the original tongue, and showed himself well armed with the weapons of polemical controversy. He astonished the lawyer with his profound acquaintance with jurisprudence, and the physician was surprised at the extent of his medical knowledge. So they all deserted him, and the minister, for the old man differed in some trifling points of doctrine, spoke very slightingly of him; and by and by all looked upon the self-educated farmer with eyes of aversion. But he cared not for that, for he derived his consolation from loftier resources, and in the untracked paths of science found a pleasure as in the pathless woods. He instructed his son in all his lore—the languages, literature, history, science, were unfolded one by one, to the enthusiastic son of the solitary. Years rolled away and the old man died. He died when a storm convulsed the face of nature, when the wind howled around his shattered dwelling, and the lightning played above the roof; and though he went to heaven in faith and purity, the vulgar thought and said the Evil One had claimed his own in the thunder and commotion of the elements. I cannot paint to you the grief of the son at his bereavement. He was for a time as one distracted. He sought to bury his grief in his thirst for fame. After his thirst was gratified, he began to yearn for the companionship of some sweet being of the other sex, to share the laurels he had won—to whisper consolation in his ear in moments of despondency, and to supply the void which the death of his old father had occasioned. He would picture to himself the felicity of a refined, intellectual and beautiful woman, and as he had chosen for his motto, what has been done may still be done, he did not despair of success. In this village lived three sisters, all beautiful and accomplished.—Their names were Mary, Adelaide and Madeline. I can never forget the beauty of these young girls. Mary was the youngest, and a fairer haired, more laughing damsel never danced upon the green. Adelaide was a few years older, was dark haired and pensive, but of the three, Madeline the eldest, possessed the most fire, spirit, cultivation and intellectuality. Their father was a man of taste and education, and being somewhat above vulgar prejudice, permitted the visits of the hero of my story. When he found an affection springing up between Mary and the poet, he did not withhold his consent from her marriage, and the recluse bore to the solitary mansion the young bride of his affections. Oh, sir, the house assumed a new appearance within and without. Roses bloomed in the garden, jessamines peeped through the lattices, and the fields about it smiled with the effects of careful cultivation. Lights were seen in the little parlor in the evening, and many a time would the passenger pause by the garden-gate to listen to strains of the sweetest music, breathed by choral voices from the cottage. If the mysterious student and his wife were neglected, what cared they? Their endearing and mutual affection made their home a little paradise—but death came to Eden. Mary fell suddenly sick and after a few hours sickness died in the arms of her husband. This was the student's second heavy affliction.

Days and months rolled on, and the only solace of the bereaved was to set with the family of the deceased and talk of the lost one. At length to Adelaide he offered his widowed heart. She came to his lone home like the dove, bearing the olive branch of peace and consolation. But their bridal was not one of revelry and mirth, for a sad recollection brooded over the hour. Yet they lived happily, the husband again smiled, and with a new spring, the roses again blossomed in their garden. When the rose withered, and the leaf fell, in the mellow autumn of the year, Adelaide too sickened and died, like her younger sister, in the arms of her husband and of Madeline.

'Perhaps you will think it strange, that after all, the wretched survivor stood at the altar again.—But he was a mysterious being whose ways were inscrutible, who thirsting for domestic bliss, was doomed ever to seek and never to find it. His third bride was Madeline. I well remember her. She was a beauty in the true sense of the word. It may seem strange to you to hear the praise of beauty from such lips as mine; but I cannot avoid expatiating upon hers. She was a proud creature, with a tall commanding form and raven tresses that floated, dark and cloudlike, over her shoulders. She was a singularly gifted woman, and possessed of rare inspiration. She loved the widower for his power and his fame, and she wedded him. They were married in that church. It was on a summer afternoon—I recollect it well. During the ceremony, the blackest cloud that I ever saw overspread the heavens like a pall, and, at the moment when the third pronounced her vow, a clap of thunder shook the building to the centre. All the females shrieked but the bride made her response with a firm voice as she gazed upon her bridegroom. He marked a kind of incoherence in her expressions as they rode homeward, which surprised him at the time. Arriving at his house, she shrunk upon the threshold; but this was the timidity of a maiden. When they were alone he clasped her hand—it was as cold as ice! He looked into her face—

'Madeline,' said he, 'what means this? your cheeks are as pale as your wedding gown!' The bride uttered a frantic shriek. 'My wedding gown!' exclaimed she, 'no—no—this is my sister's shroud! The hour of confession has arrived. It is God that impels me to speak. To win you I have lost my soul—yes, yes, I am a murderess! She smiled upon me in the joyous affection of her young heart—but I gave her the fatal drug! Adelaide clasped her white arms about my neck, but I administered the poison! Take me to your arms! I have lost my soul for you, and mine you must be!

'She spread her long, white arms,' said the sexton, rising in the excitement of the moment, and assuming the attitude he described; 'and then,' continued he, in a hollow voice, 'at that moment came the thunder and the flash, and the guilty woman fell dead on the floor.' The countenance of the narrator expressed all the horror that he felt.

'And the bridegroom,' asked I, 'the husband of the destroyer and the victim; what became of him?'

'He stands before you!' was the thrilling answer.

— The Ladies' Friend. —

PERSONAL DECORATIONS.

In a short time of universal famine, how many jewels would you give for a single loaf of bread?—in a raging fever, how many diamonds would you sacrifice for a moment's ease—in a parched desert, how many embroidered robes would you exchange for a cool draught? That these gaudy trifles should be valued at so high a rate, is certainly no small disparagement to the understanding of mankind, and is a sad demonstration of the meanness into which we have sunk by the fall. Compare them with the sublime and tedious, and the lovely objects that every where meet your eye in the creation around you. Can your richest purple excel the Violet or your purest white eclipse the Lilly of the valley? Can your brightest gems outshine the glory of the sun? Why then should enormous sums be expended in glittering bubbles and sparkling dust?—Compare them with your books, your Bible, your souls—all neglected for their sake! Arise at once to correct sentiments and noble aims; make the Bible your looking glass, the grace of the Spirit your jewels—if you must shine, shine here; here you may shine with advantage in the estimation of the wise and good—in the view and approbation of the holy angels and the eternal God, shine in dust when the luster of the fine gold has become dim, and the ray of the diamond extinguished, shine in the celestial hemisphere with saints and seraphs, amid the splendor of the Eternal.

Young Ladies.—The character is much more shown in the style of dress that is worn every day, than in that which is designed for great occasions; and when I see a young girl come down to the family breakfast in an untidy wrapper, with her hair in papers, her feet slip-shod, and an old silk handkerchief round her neck, I know that she cannot be the neat, industrious, and refined person whom I should like for an inmate. I feel equally certain, too, that her chamber is not kept in good order, and that she does not set a proper value upon time. However well a lady has appeared at a party, I would recommend to a young gentleman, before he makes up his mind as to her domestic qualities, to observe her appearance at the breakfast table, when she expects only to see her own family, and if it be such as I have just described, to beware how he prosecutes the acquaintance.—*Young Ladies' Friend.*

There is something fearfully wrong in what we call our highly civilized state of Society, when poverty can be permitted to take the ghastly shapes of suffering that it does. It is enough, *if we did but think*, to make the heart sick, when we know the misery, the abject misery, which surrounds us in this vast city; and we might tremble to consider how much might be prevented—prevented both by individual and by general exertion. We are seated, perhaps leaning, in an easy chair, our feet on the fender, doing nothing or some light work, which is only an amusement; our meals have gratified not only hunger, but taste; we are under the pressure of not one single want; and yet, within an hundred yards from our door, there is a wretch dying of cold and hunger!

No one can deny the wide and ready benevolence which prevails in our country; but while the misery exists, that no one can deny does exist, there must be some want of either will or judgment. Too many people confound charity with donation: they are satisfied with having given the most ready vent to the general impulse; they have gratified at once a high and a low feeling—the kindness and, I fear, also the ostentation. That is not charity which goes about with a white pocket handkerchief in the hand, and is followed by a flourish of trumpets! No, charity is a calm, severe duty; it must be intellectual, to be advantageous. It is a strange mistake that it should ever be considered a merit; its fulfilment is only what we owe to each other, and is a debt never paid to its full extent.

It is a most difficult art to give; for if, in giving we also give the habit of dependence, our gift has been that of an evil spirit, which always proves fatal. What we should seek to give are, habits, not only of industry, but of prudence: to look forward, is the first great lesson of human improvement. In the assistance hitherto offered to those in need, the self-respect of the obliged has been too much *forgotten*: we have degraded, where we should have encouraged. The remedy lies with time, and with knowledge; but there must be much to redress in the social system, which has luxury at one extreme, and starvation at the other.

L. E. L.

Medical Society of London.—The 65th anniversary meeting of the society was held at the London Coffee House, Ludgate-hill. Mr. T. E. Bryant was in the chair, when Dr. T. Thompson delivered the anniversary oration, which was received with loud applause. After some prefatory observations, he instanced the degree of improvement in the public health, and increased duration of life, as one of the most important indications of the state of medical practice. It was to be regretted that until the present time the bills of mortality have been lamentably deficient in the accuracy required to guide us in scientific calculations, but they nevertheless furnished general results, approximating sufficiently to the truth to authorize our attaching importance to several conclusions deducible from them. It appeared from the tables, and it was confirmed by the observation of Marshall, Hawkins, and Robertson, that the average duration of human life in England and Wales had, during the last half century, increased from 42 to 58 years,—in Middlesex, from 25 to 45, and in London from 20 to 46 years. 80 years since, 51 of every 100 deaths in London were persons under the age of 20. At present only 42 per cent. die under that age, a less proportion than used to die 50 years since under the age of 10, while there is reason to believe that a greater portion of those born now reach the age of 10 years than formerly attained the age of 2. He referred to the records of lying-in hospitals as affording striking examples of the improvement in medical management. At one of these institutions, 50 years since, the average number of deaths among the women were more than 1 in 60.

In the last 50 years, excepted during the prevalence of malignant fever, the amount of mortality has very little exceeded 1 in 300; a similar diminution is observable in the recorded mortality among the children. He took a rapid survey of the benefits which medicine has rendered to the community, alluding to the boon of vaccination, the discovery of citric acid as a complete cure for sea scurvy, and remarked on the valuable invention of the stethoscope. He reprobated the system of introducing the aspirant to medical knowledge to crowds of cases which cannot be fully explained, and to the perusal of books in which cases selected only for their success led him to an incorrect estimate of the efficacy of medical agents. He thereby became a routine practitioner, seldom examining his treatment so as to explain results, detect mistakes, or rectify errors, and at length presented the melancholy anomaly—a man of great experience and little knowledge.

Happiness.—An eminent modern writer beautifully says, "the foundation of *domestic happiness*, is a faith in the virtue of a woman, the foundation of *political happiness*, is confidence in the integrity of man: the foundation of all happiness, *temporal* and *eternal* is reliance on the goodness of God.

BANK NOTE PRICE CURRENT.

Corrected for the Saturday Evening Post,
BY WILLIAM A. BUDD,
Stock Exchange Room, No. 26 South Third street, Philadelphia.

Prices on Notes of and over Five Dollars.

Philadelphia, MAY 18, 1839.

	For or old.		For or old.
Banks in MAINE		Easton,	½
Exc. Bank bank Cas-		Farmers' & Mech.	½
tine, Hallowell, & Au-	½	Ingersoll,	½
gusta, Kennebeck, Pas-	½	Susquehanna Bridge, bank	½
sumscongy, and Wa-	½	Germany,	½
terville,	½	Yorkers banks, various prices	
N. HAMPSHIRE,	½	DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA	
VERMONT,	½	Bank of Metropolis,	1
Lower N. Hampshire,	½	Bank of Columbia,	1
MASSACHUSETTS	1	Farmers' bank,	1
Boston banks,	½	Georgetown,	1
Fermers bank,	½	Patriotic bank,	1
Commercial bank,	½	Union bank,	1
Lowell bank,	½	Farm. & Mech's bank,	1
Grey Lock bank,	½	Patriotic,	1
Exeter bank, Newbu-	½	Central bank,	1
ryport bank, Nantucket, do	½	Georgetown,	1
Bonus bank,	½	Union bank,	1
RHODE ISLAND,	½	Franklin bank,	1
Lower Rhode Island	½	Merchants do	1
Farm. ex. in Goshen,	½	VIRGINIA.	
Farm. and Mechanics	½	Bk of Va & branch,	½
Providence,	½	Farmers' bk at branch,	½
Farmers' & Exchange,	½	Exchange bk at Norfolk,	½
Manufacturers,	½	Bk. at Romney,	½
CONNECTICUT,	½	Lynchburg,	½
Exchange Derby bank	½	Boston bank,	½
Eagle bank, N. H.	½	Merchants bank,	½
NEW YORK.		CAROLINA.	
New York city	prem	State bk. and branches,	½
Merchants bank,	½	Cape Fear,	½
Bank of Commerce,	½	Fayetteville,	½
Franklin Bank do	½	SOUTH CAROLINA.	
Mutual bank,	½	Commercial bank,	½
Merchants bank,	½	Country,	½
Exchange bk Columbia,	½	GEORGIA.	
Co. county, Hudson,	½	State bk and branches,	½
Mechanics bank,	½	Savannah bank,	½
Manlius Derby, Pitts-	½	Augusta,	½
burgh, Niagara, Wash-	½	Bank of the State's	½
ington, Warren bank,	½	Darien & ex.	½
Mohawk bank,	½	Planters bk at Milledge-	½
Canal bank,	½	Columbus bk	½
Bank of Utica,	½	Commercial bank,	½
Mason	½	Macon	½
Bridge Co.	½	Bridge Co.	½
Bank of Rome,	½	OHIO.	
Delaware bk Shakespeare,	½	Com. bk Cincinnati,	½
Bank of Niagara,	½	Ashland bk	½
Bridge Co.	½	Marietta,	½
NEW JERSEY.		Com. & Xcha bk Steuben-	½
State bank at Camden,	½	ville,	½
Cumberland schlegtonville	½	Exch. of Colum-	½
Morris Canal,	½	bus,	½
Trenton banking co.	½	Canal Financial,	½
Merch's & Manuf'r bank,	½	Miami,	½
Farmers bank,	½	Farmers Reserve,	½
Newark banking co.	½	Dayton,	½
Hackensack,	½	Bank	½
Bk of Brunswick,	½	Canal,	½
All other banks,	½	Georgia,	½
Bank of Camden,	½	Bank	½
Bank of Hackensack,	½	Bank of Louisville,	broke
Farm. Banking & Ge-	½	Commercial,	½
Co. Jersey City and	½	Bank,	var. prices
Monmouth bnk, N.J.	½	KENTUCKY.	
mon. do Princeton &	½	Bk of Louisville,	½
Lawrenc, Salem and	½	Bk of Ken. & branches,	½
Farm. man. co. Bruns-	½	Commercial,	½
bank at Trenton,	½	TENNESSEE.	
Bk. Newark,	½	Union Bank,	½
N. Brunswick	½	Nerve bk. and branches,	½
PENNSYLVANIA.		Commercial bank,	½
Philadelphia banks,	par	Broken banks,	var. price
Farmers bank,	½	ALABAMA.	
Mechanics bank,	½	Mobile,	at Select'n
Philadelphia bank,	½	Bk. at Tuscaloosa,	broke
Montgomery co.	½	Bk. Mobil, Huntsville do	½
Farm. bank Bucks co.	½	Tuscaloosa, St. Stevens, do	½
Do. do Reading,	½	MISSISSIPPI & LOUISIANA.	
Easton, Northampton,	½	Planters bk Natchez,	½
Lancaster, Lebanon,	½	Commercial,	½
Harrisburg,	½	Natchez,	½
Carlisle,	½	Planters bk Mooreville,	½
Columbia Bridge,	½	New Orleans,	½
Northumberland,	½	FLORIDA.	
Miners' bk. at Pottsville do	½	Bank of Florida, Tal.	½
Bank of Pittsburgh,	½	Bank of Appalachicola,	½
Do.	½	INDIANA.	
Exchange Bank,	par	Bks. & Branches,	½
York,	½	MICHIGAN.	
Gettysburg,	½	Bank of Michigan,	½
Chambersburg,	½	Farm. & Mech. bk. do	½
Towanda,	par	Detroit bank,	broke
Bk. Wilkesbarre,	½	Commercial,	½
Lew,	½	Michigan State,	½
Timberman's,	½	CANADA, &c.	
Bank of Delaware,	par	Quebec bank,	½
Wilmington and Brandywine,	½	Bank of Montreal,	½
Farmers,	½	Bank of Upper Canada,	½
MARYLAND.		Bank of Gleaba & Co.	½
Baltimore banks,	½	Checkanatuck & Kingston,	½

EXCHANGE.

Bills on London, 60 days.	Bank.	par	Discount.
Boston,	½	½	½
New York,	½	½	½
Georgia,	½	½	½
Charleston,	½	½	½
Virginia,	½	½	½
Baltimore,	½	½	½
Washington,	½	½	½
Pittsburgh,	½	½	½
Cincinnati,	½	½	½
Louisville,	½	½	½
St. Louis,	½	½	½
Mobile,	½	½	½
New Orleans,	½	½	½
Amsterdam,	½	½	½
Hamburg,	½	½	½
Paris,	½	½	½

Saturday Evening Post

MAY 25, 1839.

Silk Intelligence.

The following article in relation to the Cultivation of Silk, from the Baltimore Sun, may be correct; but we should suppose it somewhat exaggerated. We cannot estimate the probable profits from practical knowledge at present, but hope to be able to do so within a year. If more than 1,500 *dollars clear profit per acre* is to be derived from its culture, it is high time that our country had a better idea of the advantage of it, and there is room for all. There is no danger of the business being over done as the millions of bits imported annually testify. The consumption of silk is rapidly increasing every year, and the effect it is calculated to have on the value of land, is not one of the least of its advantages.

We have heard from good authority that land in the neighbourhood of Burlington, N. J. which would sell for $40 per acre ten years ago, was purchased this spring, at the rate of 100 dollars per acre: for the purpose of raising the Morus Multicaulis or Chinese Mulberry.

Silk.—We have no confidence to the advantage of agriculture may justly be regarded of great and national importance: and when, in addition to agriculture the achievement of the object will produce results of immediate profit, and those of more vital consequence, and more fully deserving of immediate and serious consideration. Entertaining this belief, we deem it our duty to call public attention to the exertions now being made to introduce into this state the culture and the cultivation of the *Morus Multicaulis* and the manufacture of the silk made by the worms which feed upon this plant. We have heard and read a great deal concerning the profitable investment of money in the planting of mulberry trees for the purpose of raising silk worms, arrived at the conclusion that farmers may, at a very moderate expense, make an expensive wreck, if successful, it would afford a large profit, and which, if unsuccessful, would occasion but small loss. The statement given by those who make it from their own experience, leads out, in a measure, a proof of new, every inducement to the agriculturist to devote a portion of his farm to an extensive mulberry tree. If the reports of those who made the trial are to be depended on, the cultivation of the Morus Multicaulis is far more profitable than the cultivation of wheat, rye, hay, or corn. The consumption of silk is great,—the acre of grass grown upon the very best land, and made under the most favourable circumstances, will not make more than four tons of timothy hay, at fair prices, this will not bring more than $15 per ton, or $60 for the acre. An acre of wheat, allowing forty bushels to the acre, and supposing the farmer to obtain a dollar per bushel will only sell for $30—other grain, or potatoes, or turnips, will not produce half as much. An acre of land planted with the Morus Multicaulis, will give sufficient food for a million of silk worms, and will produce a million of cocoons—three thousand cocoons will make one pound of raw silk, consequently one million of cocoons will make 333⅓ lbs. of raw silk; this raw silk is worth $6 per lb. therefore an acre of land devoted to the production of silk, must produce to its owner $1,999 $0. From this, of course must be deducted, the expense of interest on the value of land, the purchase and planting of the mulberry trees, the property attending to the soil, the necessary care of the worms during the spinning season, and the reeling of the silk, &c. One half the gross value will cover all expenses and leave thirty thousand per acre for every pecuniary contingency—then leaving to the cultivator a clear profit upon an acre of land of $666 The limit will not be allowed, as an immense recompense for land and labor; but large as it is, we have been informed by gentlemen of authority, that it may easily be realized—that some of our agriculturists, during the last two years, have realized more, and are at the time now, in the receipt of more than twice the sum in operations. From all we have heard upon the subject, we think it a very profitable fact within a few years silk will be an article of as much importance to Maryland as cotton now is to the Southern States. It is true, there are some who entertain a different opinion, and who, by ridicule or discouraging remarks, endeavor to damp or lessen the ardor of those who are disposed to attempt the culture of silk; but this is no more than might be expected. On every subject, one may find croakers and prophets of disappointment, it was the same case when cotton was first introduced into the United States, it only necessary to turn to the newspapers and pamphlets of the day, to perceive how the wise said and the wise men labored to prove the views of the cotton planter mere chimera. The result has shown who was correct; and if the silk raisers proceed as steadily and resolutely as did the planters of cotton, a similar success will crown their efforts. We feel assured their exertions will be rewarded, first for themselves, and lasting benefit to their country.

SILK.

We have seen a beautiful specimen of white Sewing Silk manufactured by Mr. Joseph Wood, of Sherborne, from cocoons of his own raising. Mr. Pratt has long encouraged the growth of silk and the beautiful branch of industry, and his skill and enterprise are well worthy of the encouragement which he has met with. We are glad to see brother in this town; and we give an extract from the letter which accompanied the silk.

"I will inform you of the success which I have had in the growth and manufacture of silk the past year. The trees which I set out last spring have grown well the past season, and from which I raised, owing to the lateness of the time at which they were planted, only a small crop. The worms made but a little silk and that of an inferior quality. I have enclosed a small sample of the same as got it good supply of leaves.

The great majority of the people think that silk is so nice an article that we can do nothing with it unless we have much skill and experience in hands. But I can assure the friends of the cause that I can lay a wall on of any silk worm in the forenoon, and the afternoon make silk as good as this which I send you, with the assistance of some of my family. The silk is entitled to persevere in the business, and to increase my stock of trees from year to year as fast as my circumstances will allow."—*Mod's Freeman.*

BRUSSA MULBERRY.—Mr. Consul Rhind, who resided in Turkey a long time, and interested himself in the subject of mulberry and silk, speaks very highly of the Brussa mulberry tree, in the capacity of resisting the rigors of severe winters—that it flourishes best in high and exposed situations—that it makes from 3 to 4 yards quality, and highly estimated in all foreign markets, especially for sewing silk; that it leafs from two to three weeks earlier than the trees are brought into the city by the cultivators in baskets and sold in the streets, in preparation to suit purchasers, in the same manner as fruits and vegetables.

He entertains the utmost confidence in the ultimate success of the silk culture in this country. He says "that silk can be produced with infinitely less trouble than is generally supposed, and with much profit. And I have in the course of my travels visited most of the silk growing countries, and gave considerable attention to the subject."

Again he says:—

"The culture of the silk is peculiarly deserving the encouragement of females, as it requires little more, inasmuch as it will afford (in its different stages) employment to the feeble and infirm of our race; aged and decrepit persons and children can all be employed in some part of the process, and to a portion of the female sex who have been reared in luxury and indulgence, but by change of fortune have been reduced to the necessity of labor rather than depend on the cold hand of charity or the benevolence of others, the culture will afford a certain and independent livelihood, without exposing them to the scoffs and scorns of the world."

In reply to a letter of Mr. Rhind to Judge Spencer, accompanied with the Brussa mulberry tree, Judge Spencer says:—"The Brussa leaf, from its size, is more valuable for other than the mulberry leaf, and nearly if not quite equal to the Morus multicaulis."—*Northampton Courier.*

Scientific Selections.

THE MODE OF THE NUTRITION OF PLANTS:

And the Nature of those Matters, by which their Nutrition is effected.

"If we reflect on the phenomena of vegetation," says Professor Lindley, "our minds cannot fail to be deeply impressed with admiration at the perfect simplicity, and, at the same time, the infinite skill, with which the whole economy is contrived. Upon which vegetable life depends—the tissue of tubes interwoven laterally and perpendicularly constitutes, during the development, by the first shoot that the seed produces, the root and the stem; and the same tissue as the first shoot itself; and a constant succession of these processes produces causes an increase in the length and breadth of the plant; an expansion of the bark into a leaf, which constantly veins processing from the seat of nutriment matter in the new shoot, the expansion of passages in its substance, and of evaporating pores on its surface, enables the sap to rise from the roots to be elaborated and digested in all its parts; the peculiar secretions of the spongioles, the contraction of the tissue and its degeneration into a fibre; the disintegration of the internal tissue of a petal forms an ovule, and the leaving inwards of a leaf is sufficient to constitute a bud; and lastly, the growth of the ovule into a germ with food which it cannot part with, causes the production of a fruit."

The "crude fluid sent up from the roots" of plants, or that which is to be assimilated by it, consist of water, mucilage, and sugar, with some minute portions of other matters, generally so small in quantity as to escape detection. Moisture be absorbed by the leaves of all plants, but there is no doubt that a great part of their nourishment enters by their roots; not, however, by the whole root indiscriminately, the nourishment of plants is taken up chiefly by the minute fibres or spongioles terminating the roots. These minute fibrous parts are of the utmost importance to the vegetable, and ought to be carefully preserved in transplantation, otherwise the plant will certainly perish. In some instances, roots have been so stunted in a sandy soil, for want of nourishment for the support of the plants during the succeeding year, on the first day of their next. There are such roots in the *Orchis* and *Ophrys* tribe, and in others. They are supposed to have been satisfactorily established, that the roots, as well as the leaves, of plants frequently perform also an excretory office; and that in the soil in which plants grow, there are deposited by the roots, matters which, if not removed, would not be absorbed again, till they have undergone some change. Hence, a succession of plants has been adduced as the reason, why a soil becomes by such production unfit for their support, and why having long grown in it, that it will not support other individuals of the species. This, whence arises the necessity of a rotation of crops.

The principal ingredient in the sap of plants is water, and hence it is evident, that the quantity of sap in some plants, is almost incredible; and not less so, is the force with which, in the form of vapor, it is thrown off into the atmosphere. In the case of warm weather in our climates, and at the commencement of the spring season, when the latter is particularly active, the sap is determined upwards. The great quantity of water which is then conveyed up in different parts of the same plant. For instance, was taken from the roots in a time of frost, and found to be destitute of saccharine and other matters contained in the sap, increased in quantity, and had acquired the taste of the parts of the plant. When the sap begins to rise, the leaves of the trees are found to be full grown and. From the leaves principally the watery portion of the sap is set free in vapor, and the evaporation is copious and unceasing. The more solid matters have been supposed to remain in suspension of water; and after undergoing further changes, as is supposed, in the leaves chiefly, these matters are returned, by the bark and the remaining water, to be deposited in other parts of the plant. The quantity of water set free in vapor is generally admitted, that one part of the food of plants is the water which evaporates, and it is said that this matter is taken up with the watery portion of the sap; but that carbonic acid gas is known to be admitted, that carbonic acid gas is in some way indispensable to vegetation, is also ascertained, that feed plants as you will, they will neither grow nor live, whether you offer them carbon gaggas, hydrogen gas, azote, or any other gaseous or fluid principle, unless carbonic acid be also present. It is also the case that carbonic acid is partly taken up by the leaves, and partly by the roots of plants, and is also so separated from the air, and absorbed by the leaves. The carbonic acid is supplied by the respiration, or rather decomposition, of carbonic acid, by the leaves taken place, are most copious and important. They are not necessary to be as follows.

During the day, and particularly during sunshine, the leaves of plants have the power of absorbing the carbonic acid from the air, of decomposing it, of the carbon of the acid, and perhaps also a little of its oxygen combine with the plant; while the greater part of both the oxygen and the acid is diffused through the atmosphere in a gaseous state. During the night, in the confinery, or in the shade, plants, in general, convert a portion of the oxygen of the atmosphere into carbonic acid; but the quantity thus converted, is less than that separated from the carbonic acid which they decompose, under the influence of the solar light. At the same time with the formation of carbonic acid by plants during the night, they are said also to absorb from the atmosphere a certain portion of oxygen, to replace that which had been given off during exposure to sunshine in the preceding day. This absorbed carbon as long as they are exposed to the night; during the night, as during the day is long and the night is short, plants give off much less carbon than they absorb. The season of the shortest of carbon, is probably one reason why in the Polar latitudes, the vegetation is so rapid. By a beautiful provision of nature, in the course of the short summer of a high latitude, the whole life of vegetable, in these latitudes, go through all the changes which in more southern regions require years.

These phenomena of gaseous absorption and exhalation, are those principally on which is produced by a portion of the leaf peculiarly organized, and situated immediately under the epidermis, and explained these phenomena, by referring them to the exciting influence of light upon plants. The process of respiration in plants, is to be considered, and to be accounted for, as in animals, by the formation and emission of carbonic acid gas. While digestion, which consists in the decomposition of carbonic acid gas, takes place only during the presence of light, and to the influence of the light—the carbon of the carbonic acid being separated from the oxygen, and thereby causes a plant exposed to sensible purifies the air, by digesting the carbonic acid, by the exhaling of oxygen; while it sets the oxygen free. In the dark or the contrary, digestion ceases, but respiration continues; and carbonic acid gas is thus accumulated in the surrounding atmosphere.

With respect to the "peculiar principles of plants," these are so numerous, that it would be impossible, at present, to attempt any detailed account of them here, would be quite unprofitable. Generally speaking, however, the principles found in plants may be divided into three classes, namely, those containing nitrogen, in which hydrogen and oxygen are combined in the proportions to form water; and those called *acidiferous* bodies, those principles in which hydrogen exists in excess of the proportion necessary which generally have more or less of an *oily character*;—and these principles it is proposed to consider more particularly, as usually an acid character. Besides these three great classes of vegetable principles, there are those of a saline character, and perhaps other elements; many of these principles are of the most active and powerful poisons: such are the peculiar principles of opium and conium, the bark of the Peruvian tree, and a variety of others, chiefly, employed as medicinal agents.—*Proctor.*

EPITOME OF THE TIMES.

The tobacco inspection warehouse of this city contains nearly fifteen hundred hogsheads, placed there for safe keeping. Two hundred more have been already inspected.

Mr. George Combe, the phrenologist will visit the United States in August next.

Strawberries from France, were sold in London on the 21st of April last, at 3 shillings sterling the ounce.

Between 50 and 60 of the patriots have been released in Canada, all giving security for their good behaviour.

The Jonas Herald states that the wheat in that, and the adjoining counties of Pennsylvania presents the prospect of an abundant crop.

The citizens of Canton, Madison Co. Miss at a recent public meeting, passed resolutions declaring that they would not vote for any drive the gamblers from the town.

The Legislature of Indiana, on last Saturday, the total number of deaths in New York, was 106. total number of deaths in New York, was 106.

The Duke of Sussex receives a salary of £20,000 per annum, and yet a motion has been made in parliament to increase his allowance.

In Rhode Island there are 156 Sunday schools, a society of Temperance, containing 1,400 teachers and 12,000 pupils, with about 20,000 volumes in the libraries.

An extraordinary session of the Methodist Protestant church, of the general conference, for the whole union is to be held at Pittsburg, Pa. next Tuesday.

The British Steamboat, City of Kingston, Capt. Crain, left Hull for London on Sunday last for London.

A French 84 gun ship, having on board the Prince de Joinville, sailed from Havana, on the 10th inst. in company with a sloop of war for New York and Norfolk.

A Modest Proposal.—The Tory Age in war like mood quietly remarks that "it is the fashionable to take possession of New York in retaliation for the sad grievance by the Canadian Patriots."—*New York Herald.*

Elizabeth Jones, Ellen Engle, Mary Cross, and Ann Cross sisters have been arrested at Baltimore, charged with causing the death of an infant child of Elizabeth Jones.

On the 9th inst. a young man of the name of Lorenzo Wheeler, was killed by lightning at Kenderton, Illinois.

The Frederic, Md. Herald says a court of inquisition is to be established at that place under the conduct of Gen. Jessup.

Twelve eastern and southern counties have fell victims to the Typhus fever at London, Edinburgh, and Glasgow of the deaths have traffic.

The Czar of Russia by an imperial edict has struck the name of Poland from the catalogue of nations.

Patrick Burns, of Campbell county, Ky. has been sentenced to be hung for killing his wife by kicking her in a brutal manner.

Six companies of U. S. Troops have arrived at Savannah from Florida, and will be sent to the Cherokee country.

A mulatto man named Miller, was recently stabbed by an inkeeper named Salkeimer, at the junction in Perry county, and died in a few minutes.

The New Jersey state prison is new entirely roofed from the small pox.

Mr. R. L. Burnett, near Galena, Ill. died a short time since, and his children were thrown into convulsions by the doubt that a great part of their nourishment enters by their roots; not, however, by the whole root indiscriminately, the nourishment of plants is taken up chiefly by the minute fibrous or spongioles terminating the roots. These minute fibrous parts are of the utmost importance to the vegetable, and ought to be carefully preserved in transplantation, otherwise the plant will certainly perish. In some instances, roots have been so stunted in a sandy soil, for want of nourishment for the support of the plants during the succeeding year, on the first day of their next. There are such roots in the *Orchis* and *Ophrys* tribe, and in others. They are supposed to have been satisfactorily established, that the roots, as well as the leaves, of plants frequently perform also an excretory office; and that in the soil in which plants grow, there are deposited by the roots, matters which, if not removed, would not be absorbed again, till they have undergone some change. Hence, a succession of plants has been adduced as the reason, why a soil becomes by such production unfit for their support, and why having long grown in it, that it will not support other individuals of the species. This, whence arises the necessity of a rotation of crops.

The principal ingredient in the sap of plants is water, and hence it is evident, that the quantity of sap in some plants, is almost incredible; and not less so, is the force with which, in the form of vapor it is thrown off into the atmosphere. In the case of warm weather in our climates, and at the commencement of the spring season, when the latter is particularly active, the sap is determined upwards. The great quantity of water which is then conveyed up in different parts of the same plant. For instance, was taken from the roots a time of frost, and found to be destitute of saccharine and other matters contained in the sap, increased in quantity, and had acquired the taste of the parts of the plant. When the sap begins to rise, the leaves of the trees are found to be full grown and. From the leaves principally the watery portion of the sap is set free in vapor, and the evaporation is copious and unceasing. The more solid matters have been supposed to remain in suspension of water; and after undergoing further changes, as is supposed, in the leaves chiefly, these matters are returned, by the bark and the remaining water, to be deposited in other parts of the plant. The quantity of water set free in vapor is generally admitted, that one part of the food of plants is the water which evaporates, and it is said that this matter is taken up with the watery portion of the sap; but that carbonic acid gas is known to be admitted, that carbonic acid gas is in some way indispensable to vegetation, is also ascertained, that feed plants as you will, they will neither grow nor live, whether you offer them carbon gaggas, hydrogen gas, azote, or any other gaseous or fluid principle, unless carbonic acid be also present. It is also the case that carbonic acid is partly taken up by the leaves, and partly by the roots of plants, and is also so separated from the air, and absorbed by the leaves. The carbonic acid is supplied by the respiration, or rather decomposition, of carbonic acid, by the leaves taken place, are most copious and important. They are not necessary to be as follows.

During the day, and particularly during sunshine, the leaves of plants have the power of absorbing the carbonic acid from the air, of decomposing it, of the carbon of the acid, and perhaps also a little of its oxygen combine with the plant; while the greater part of both the oxygen and the acid is diffused through the atmosphere in a gaseous state. During the night, in the confinery, or in the shade, plants, in general, convert a portion of the oxygen of the atmosphere into carbonic acid; but the quantity thus converted, is less than that separated from the carbonic acid which they decompose, under the influence of the solar light. At the same time with the formation of carbonic acid by plants during the night, they are said also to absorb from the atmosphere a certain portion of oxygen, to replace

More than 800 of the volunteers to Florida have arrived at New Orleans, on their way home; Gen. Smith the commander. They belong to Tennessee.

A man named Falconer, in Tuskegee, Macon Co. murdered Mr. Hawkins, on the 2nd inst. by stabbing him with a Bowie knife.

The New York Evening Star corrects the statement, that Mr. Inspector Pentz, presented Jumper, who was lecturing on Phrenology, who, it appears, is a worthless fellow, imposing on the people.

The Turkish government are adopting sanitary precautions to arrest the plague in the Balkan mountains.

Mr. David Stoddart, of Northampton, Mass. has the reflectors of his steam mill, to heat his manufactory, five feet long, with a magnifying power of 400.

The aggregate capital of the banks of Boston is stated to be near seventeen millions, and the circulation $6,184,000.

A. S. Lobia, convicted at Raleigh, N. C. of robbing the mail, has been sentenced to ten years imprisonment.

There are eight thousand of the fair sex employed in the factories at Lowell, Mass.

A meeting of all the Bishops of the Methodist Episcopal Church was to be held this week in New York.

In consequence of the great fire at Charleston, the banks of that city have resolved to restrict the payment of the July dividend.

The state bank of Alabama proposes to discount new paper to half a million of dollars.

The informers in the case of the goods seized at the New York Custom House are to receive half the value, viz. $150,000.

The Legislature, thirteen years old in Wisconsin territory, recently shot seven wild geese at once.

A short time since a bald eagle, weighing 20 lbs. and measuring seven feet from tip to tip of feet, inches, was shot near Jonesborough, Tenn.

The two wools in neighborhood of Huntsville, Pa. were recently on fire for several days, by which much valuable timber was destroyed.

The rail road between Richmond and Petersburg is now completed.

Levi Woolbury, it is said, is looking towards the nomination to the Chief Justice of the state of New Hampshire.

The Governor of South Carolina has called the Legislature together on the 28th of May, to adopt measures for the relief of the city of Charleston.

A Liberal Subscription.—The Corporation of Worcester subscribed one million of dollars to the Baltimore and Ohio Rail Road.

On Tuesday, 23d, a fire occurred on George street, Pittsburg, when nine houses were in flames.

One fourth of the remaining nation of the Jews, amounting 1,700,000 souls are resident in Russia.

The Pasha of Egypt, Mehemet Ali, had commanded by letters, to all under his rule, the suppression of the abominable slave trade; which letters had been sent by Dr. Bowring and Lieut. Hilbar.

The American Theatre at Mobile was opened on the evening of the 14th inst. to a large and fashionable audience. Mr. Sefton, one of the first appearance on the occasion, was received with great enthusiasm.

A negro female sixteen years of age, a native of Hayti composed fifteen years ago, a tragedy entitled the Death of Desalines, which was represented at the National theatre of that republic by order of the President.

Executions.—The Louisville Journal says

A Kentuckian was executed at Henderson on the 28th ult. for murder. They were hanged on the same gallows. The negro was executed first, the white man next.

Colonel Watkins, of the Virginia Senate, was not among those who lost their lives in the steam boat explosion. His name was left upon the passenger book; but he arrived a few minutes too late to get on board, and then took passage on the Lexington for Red River, where he met with safety, saved his life.

Duelling Recorded.—The Albany Daily says that Dr. Weatherbee has been for some time delegated by the Legislature to visit the several counties prescribed in the office of the County Clerk. It may be recollected that last winter the Legislature Common Council appropriated a sum of money for the purpose.

Direct Tax.—A recent session of the Supreme Court for Hamilton County, O. there were 37 judgments for the Direct Tax, amounting to one hundred thousand dollars.

The Czar of Russia by an imperial edict has struck the name of Poland from the catalogue of nations.

Patrick Burns, of Campbell county, Ky. has been sentenced to be hung for killing his wife by kicking her in a brutal manner.

Six companies of U. S. Troops have arrived at Savannah from Florida, and will be sent to the Cherokee country.

A mulatto man named Miller, was recently stabbed by an inkeeper named Salkeimer, at the junction in Perry county, and died in a few minutes.

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A Good Rule.—The Hon. J. Quincy Adams recently held this language, in a letter refusing to attend a public entertainment:

"My public duties will detain me here probably through the whole month of May. During the session of Congress, I do not hold myself at liberty to accept invitations to dinner, during a sitting of the House, a single day. Such is my estimate of the representative duty, and I shall never depart from it. The House itself, not the law obligatory for being idle visitors."

The Lacon (Ill.) Herald, says that a piece of coal was recently taken from the bed of Illinois river. It was originally six feet in length, but two feet, which was partially decayed, had been cut off. It is about four inches in diameter, having a beauty and polish, and a shine resembling the jet. A heavy, luxurious blade passes from the singular root to the other end of the water, expanding on its broad folds a flower of the most exquisite beauty. It is a species of aquatic unknown. Naturalists would find it an interesting study for specialties.

Cotton in Florida.—The Apalachicola Gazette of the 10th inst. contains a statement of the exports of Cotton from that port from the 1st October, 1837, to the 1st of May, 1838, which shows the rapid increase of the cotton cultivation in that section. The exports during the period named were actually exported 25,711 bales, and there were then on board, and ready to be shipped, 11,068 bales—making an aggregate of 47,579 bales. The exports of the year will reach 50,000 bales.

A Female Pilgrim.—Among the passengers in the Susquehanna, recently arrived in this city from the United States, was Miss Harriet Livermore, who will be recollected by many of our readers as a female preacher. She left about two years since, left Philadelphia to go to Palestine, for the purpose of a short stay at London, touching at Gibraltar, Malta and the other memorable places, "to see the glories of the Holy City, sitting in the sepulchre" where of the Lord was laid," "ascend the Mount of Olives, and the hill overlooking the Mount of Olives, feeding Kedron, lingering in Gethsemane, and journeying round Jerusalem, indulging in Christian sympathies and biblical reminiscences.

Where Dandy and Dandyism are wept.

A Ayer—this is here, the sweetest and the ride !"

Married, on Thursday, 19th ult. by the Rev. Joel Anderson, Mr. Robert Parks, of Indiana, to Miss Celia Dial, of Williamson county.

Twenty-four years ago, Mr. P. courted the fair Miss Dial, and was rejected, and married by her. Parental interference broke off the match and prevented her from marrying him. Years passed onwards he saw her and renewed the engagement. Circumstances prevented the parties meeting until recently, but true to their engagement neither party ever married. Time had but slightly changed their personal appearance, the early pledge of their youthful hearts. We pray success to the happy couple in their prosperous pilgrimage through life.—*Franklin Repository.*

A Fearful Body Found.—We learn from the Madison (Ind.) Banner, that the body of Colonel Fowle, U. S. Army, was found on the 4th inst. in the Ohio river, near Lexington. It will be recollected that Col. Fowle was one of the passengers of the ill fated steam boat Lexington, which was burned and was reported among the missing. His body was found in the water's edge, with the head in the current of the river about one hundred miles. His countenance was natural, and $1600 in Treasury notes, were found in his pockets. The Banner suggests to the municipal authorities that the remains be buried at Madison with military honors.

Important Decision.—A man named Callaghan was put on trial in the Circuit court of Mississippi, for the murder of one Chapman, and convicted. The prisoner's counsel moved that the verdict be set aside, for several reasons, among which was the following:

That T. Gilbert, one of the petit jurors who tried the cause, is not an American citizen, and has not resided in the state of Mississippi.

The motion was sustained by Judge Morell, the court of Errors, and the Supreme Court, in the important point decided, as says the Detroit Advertiser, that "a foreigner who has not taken the natural born or a naturalized citizen of the United States, and has not resided in the state of Mississippi a year, is not a citizen of such state, and have voted and paid a state or county tax."

Curious Case.—An English gentleman at Cincinnati, left his watch on the bank of a canal, and suspicion fell upon his son-in-law, another Englishman, who was employed. A Cambridge. This person one day waited a tree in the yard to have a limb trimmed that overhung a window. Her brother, Silas A. Ruble, was the housekeeper on the occasion, and is now at county swearing his trial. His sister was also arrested, and the canal dredged for the watch in vain.

The discharge of the young lady brought forth, from the spectators, an involuntary shout of joy. But, to add to the interest of all these circumstances, a few hours after her release she was taken by the hands of matrimony to a gentleman to whom she had been engaged for a year or more. The groom was a Mr. Ogden.

The St. Domingo Indemnity.—The Baltimore American gives the following as an extract of a letter from France, from a highly respectable source:

"You have doubtless learned, as well as ourselves, that the French Chambers, lower, have interfered with Hayti. All that we know positively is, that our unfortunate Colonists will not lose the whole of the four instalments due to them.—They are to receive two of them immediately, and to lose the same sum, and the payment moreover, will not take place early at the expiration of three years. What the amount of these payments will be, or the rate of interest, we have not yet learned. Alas! how few will live to see the last payment of the last instalment!

It is not sufficient to make them lose the half of the sum promised to them, but they must also wait until this period of thirty years shall have elapsed, before they can receive the amount of the two sums already mentioned.

Such is the arrangement which has been made to prevent such a state of things, and that, if the two sums which have been granted cannot be paid at the time fixed, the Colonists will not lose on them, or will have it in their power to sell to the Haytien Government, at a reduction, the amount to which they are entitled."

Singular and Fatal Accident.—A very extraordinary accident occurred in Fort Hope, N. C. on Friday last, which has plunged a highly respectable family in that town in the deepest affliction. It appears that a son of Mr. and Mrs. James McSpadden (a youth about 14 years of age) eldest son of Mr. McSpadden, left home for the purpose of spending the afternoon with some of his young companions, and in the course of the day, in company with some of them, he obtained a gun, and proceeded to the woods, for the purpose of shooting squirrels, &c. Not returning immediately, as he was supposed he had walked down the town, and in the course of the day, he was seen with the gun aforesaid, a young companion, clancing to pass by the house of Mr. Church, and called for the gun, as he thought, in an odd manner from one of the windows, and refused to let him see it, and went about. Receiving no answer he went up to him, and discovered that the unfortunate youth was lying on the floor, and that the gun was in the act of being fired with the butt of the gun, and the muzzle resting on the breast of the unfortunate youth, which had literally blown out the whole of the breast, and the other was also shot through the head, and the brains were scattered about the room. The gun was found to be loaded with two balls, and a large charge of powder.—*Wilmington Chronicle.*

A Fatal Affray.—About two or three weeks ago, says the Louisville Journal, a quarrel occurred between Mr. G. W. Goodwin and Mr. Charles Scott, both of Randolph, Tenn. and the latter was shot dead. The following letter is supplied in writing—" For sufficient reasons I will not fight you a duel; if you think this cowardice, you can now act any part you think fit." The note was handed to Woodson on the morning of the 28th ult. and he immediately armed himself to attack Scott in the street. Twice Scott got out of the yard to avoid

That gives it all its flavours.

"BE QUIET —DO I'LL CALL MY MOTH R."

As I was sitting in a w—d,
Tad,* the ark- ne's ice y cower,
Mak, q in pleasant solit de,
Wh ho should come by, but John, my lover!
He pressed my hand, and kissed my ch k!
Then wasn't I crowing, kissed the other!
While I exclaimed across the sea, it,
"*Be quiet—do! I'll call my mother!*"

He saw my anger was sincere,
And lovingly began to chide me;
And wiping from my cheek the tear,
He sat him on the grass beside me.
He feigned such pretty, serious ways,
Breathed such sweet vows one nice time,
I could not smile while whispering low,
"*Be quiet—do! I'll call my mother!*"

He talked so long, and talked so well,
And swore he meant not to deceive me;
I felt more glad than I can tell,
When with a kiss he rose to leave me.
"Oh, John!" and I, "and must thou go!
I love thee better than all else!"
Then is no need to hurry so,
I never meant to call my mother!"

PERSONAL SECURITY.—"Will you do me a favor?" says young George Brooks to his wealthy friend Simon Hudson. "I wish you to lend me a hundred pounds, sir," replies George. "Uh! at my commanding honor," replied Hudson. "I George was not long in paying his respects—"What security can you give me, young gentleman?" "My own personal security, sir." "Very well, get in here, says Hudson, rising up the lid of a large iron chest. "Get in there!" exclaimed George in astonishment. "Is in for?" "Why, that is the place where I always keep my securities."

A certain miser was always afraid of filling a glass of wine un to the top. One of his guests took up his glass and looked at it, saying with "This glass is too deep;" said he, "half of it should be cut off." "Why so?" asked the miser. "Because," answered he, "if the upper part is not to contain wine, it is of no use."

YOUNG MEMBERS OF PARLIAMENT.—Henry Lord Falkland being brought early into the House of Commons, a grave senator objected to his youth, and said, "he looked as if he had not known his wild oats."

The young lord replied with great quickness, "Then I am come to the proper place, where there is a goose to pick them up."

Reality.—A person being asked what was meant by the "realities of life," answered, "*real estate, real money,* and a real good *dinner.*"

Gentlemen and fellow citizens: I have *rems* before you to ay your fee, and although, accordingly unbiggitable sufferges. *Thurfor*, I'll e xpress myself as you've a right to expect of me. Gentlemen, *thereis* a pur l ongrievance, & Mr. Mayor are entitled to a representation—but *wher* is it? *Thurfor*, it becomes you to make a prisonerof it to go four. Sire or a sovereign state, and bar voice ought for to be tried *thurfor* by a jury, the sooner you elect me, the better. The least said or soonest mended.—*Perpens.*

IRISH WIT.—An honest Hibernian stopping at a country inn, in the interior of Massachusetts, seated himself snugly and quietly by the fire.

"What is it you'll be after, my honey?" said he.

"Nothing," replied the landlord, "only the devil is dead.

Pat said nothing, but in a short time, whe about leaving the house, he walked deliberately across the room and deposited three cents on the bar. The landlord followed and inquired what was wanting for the money, when the following colloquy ensued:

Pat.—Ay sure nothing at all at all, my honor. Later.—Why then did you lay the money on the bar?

Pat.—Arrah, yer honor, and sure in my own country, when a jontleman loses his father, its customary to give him a few coppers to provide for the wake and funeral.

A TUCKER GOOSE.—Last winter during the hard frost which prevailed in England, as in habit nt of Gunnersbury, back of the Severn near Bristol, lost a fine goose, which it was supposed had died under the ice as it never after was wont to take its recreation, and lost its fe- Five weeks afterwards the ice became partially dissolved by the mild weather; a strange looking skeleton, clad in rotten feathers, and to appear since the very ghost of a goose emerged from the water, and proceeded to make acquaintance with the denizens of the farm-yard. At first it proffered familiarity was ill received, but a length the missing goose and her associates were having come to mind, the poor bird had lo ta ain alone; and, by dint of perseverance and kindness, and is likely to brave many more waters. The poor animal's body must have been for five weeks immersed in the water, by which its feathers became completely destroyed, and its re tention of life under the ice can only be accounted for by the daily watering of the horse, having left a space between the ice and the water, which enabled the bird to breathe. Its attempts to liberate itself by pecking up at the ice had completely worn away the horny part of the bill.

Irish Driving.—Various are the anecdotes on record of the humor of Irish post boys, but we question if any of them are more characteristic than the following incident:—While in Ireland last summer, two gentlemen hired a car from Belfast by the hill road. A little after they had reached the rising ground, and while absorbed in admiration of the rich more and picturesque scenery, they scarcely perceived that the driver had pulled up the horse, till he came round and opened the car door, and immediately shut it with a bang, bawling out at the same time—"Now get along, Paddy! this being taken to rather a curly tune, the meaning of his conduct he held up his hands as if to command silence, and repeating in a half whisper,—"Hist! yer honors, yer honors! I'm making out Paddy to have that your out, and walking up the hill, for the devil a foot he'd go further, for himself only did he know that your honors were sitting with your ears and breath pullin the legs off of him, the tarnation lad."

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Such are the efforts of poor expiring mortality—still clinging to earth—still laboring for the breath of posterity, and causing itself to all forts to fall with "gracefulness at the last."—*Raleigh Register.*

A Scottish gentleman, of whom it was truly remarked, that "a wiser man he was a laugh, or a better man he was a bottle, was not to be found among all the country round. Being seated at the table of the Laird of Logan, took a little brandy after his fish, a custom still kept up in that part of Scotland. Observing the glass between him and the light, "Laird," said he, addressing Logan, "this is rather pale for me, I would rather prefer some of your dark brandy." "I assure you, Mr. I am, this is dark." "I have seen you in the dark brandy." "I'll no contradict you, Laird, in your own house; but it looks pale to me." "I'll no contradict you, Mr. H. out of your own house: but you should consider that your nose, and mickle should would gar our man's brandy look pale."

BENEFITS ARISING OUT OF PAIN.—It is a curious circumstance says Dr. Gardner, in his lectures on Zoonomia, that a moderate degree of pain, when unaccompanied by fever, often tends to render the understanding more clear, lively, and active. This is confirmed by the experience of people labouring under the head- ache. I have an account of a man who possessed very uncommon powers of understanding, but who attained the strongest marks of intelligence and genius only during the paroxysms of a severe headache; but that he lost these powers when he recovered from the effects of the pain. Pechlin mentions a young man who during a complaint originating from worms, possessed an astonishing memory and lively imagination, both of which greatly lost by being cured. Haller mentions a man who was enabled to see in the night, while his eyes were inflamed, but lost this power as he got well. All these facts show that a certain action or energy is necessary for the performance of any of the functions of the body or mind, whatever increases this action will, within certain limits, increase those functions.

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than on the morning of the 12th of January last; temperatures weather, and a raging in quarters around and over the ship's sides, hurled her rapidly along on her passage homewards, when suddenly, to lat. 11 deg. 31 min., a wreck was discovered to the leeward. The order to shorten sail was promptly obeyed as given, and the vessel was hauled towards what was discovered to be a Chinese junk without much delay, having many p ople on deck vehemently imploring assistance.—The exhaustion of their joy as they beheld our approach was of the most wild and extravagant nature; but it was impossible to be transient, the violence of the elements driving the ship, swifting past the wreck. By the coarse incessary to put her on the other tack—a manœuvre which they executed into abandonment, and the air was filled with the most appalling shrieks of misery: hope appeared to have been a dream as great that it became dangerous to approach them; one man in paroxysms of despair, jumped overboard after the barrel of the endless brake, in the vain hope of reaching the boat: he was an expert swimmer, but the human power could prevail against the sea—the furious ocean reached his efforts—he rose and sank—and the wreck was passed. Three more boats were launched; he was lost in sight of his comp nions as motionless as the dead, and the same to their sad, without any being able to afford him relief.

Tears were exhausted for the boat and her crew, as seen from the ship contending with the violence of the element; in which she floated, but a moment of doubt passed the mind as to the ex cedency of permitting any to attempt. It was decided upon the hollow blast fell upon the sense with terrific horror that indecision cannot exist—a crisis so serious were issued to keep the boat away, and a rope with a bowling knot at one end was thrown in the junk, into which signs were made for each man to place himself and then plunge into the water, whence he was dragged into the boat, and eventually, in this manner, by the aid of the rope, seventeen persons were rescued from the very grasp of death at a moment when every ray of hope appeared to be utterly extinguished. Their gratitude was boundless: they almost worshipped the deliverer, and the scene was one of prostrated thersel es, kneaded the feet of the former, and the very planks of the latter.

Now that they were lodged in safety, all eyes were turned inquiringly around about the gallant crew who had behaved so humanely and so courageously. The short space which elapsed from the time they threw out the rope to that of its hauled into the ship, and that of getting up the boat, was a moment of the most intense anxiety: eye watched with intense feeling, but no one could see a vestige of a villiaus of death ravaged through the decks. The fury of the element- and consequently the boat's crew, to all human appeared resistless: the heavy sea rendered it dangerous and difficult to bring the boat along side—in fact every particular seemed to combine to equally destructive; but they were ultimately got on board in safety, and were welcomed with shouts of kindness from their shipmates, in whom their philanthropy must be for ever gratefully cherished.

The greatest praise is due to the second officer, who had charge of the boat, and the four men with him, for the zeal and coolness with which they executed their arduous duty upon a sea in which no boat could live, and from which any boat to live: but for the salutary precautions already mentioned, she would inevitably have been swamped and all hands perished. The boat was, however, specially made last to the Bentia again, and the ship once more on her course.

With so large an addition to her numbers, it became a question of importance what was to be done with them. They were first visited by the surgeon, who prescribed water in sparing quantities, appearing from signs made that they had they had been eight days without any, and several amongst them offered purses of dollars for a single draught; but the crew were strictly forbidden to accept any thing from them; an order which, I believe, was complied with in stating, we strictly complied with.

They were Chinese Tartars, from some or other of the numerous, (principally young men rarely being thirty,) of fine athletic forms and fine features. Their appearance altogether is remarkably well made man, about five-and-twenty, with more than ordinary expression and elaborate countenance. Neither he nor his companions understood European language, nor we them. Yet there was an undeniable grace and ease in their signs and gestures, a peculiar charm in his gentlemanly gestures, which his salutar and very best thing with a- ner to touch, by placing the hand on making, we strictly complied with.

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THE RULING PASSION.

Bonaparte died in his military garb, his field marshal's uniform and his boots, which he had ordered to be put on a short time previous to his dissolution. Augustus Cæsar chose to die in a standing position, and was carried in arranging his person and dress for the occasion. Edward Earl of Northumberland, when at the point of death, quitted his bed and put on his armour, saying: "that it became not a man to die like a beast." A more remarkable instance is that of Maria Louisa of Austria, who, a short time before the breathing her last, having fallen into a slight slumber, one of ladies in attendance remarked that her majesty seemed to be asleep. "No," said she, "I could sleep if I would in single repose, but I am sensible of the near approach of death, and I will not allow myself to be surprised by him in my sleep: I wish to meet my dissolution awake."

Such are the efforts of poor expiring mortality—still clinging to earth—still laboring for the breath of posterity, and causing itself to all forts to fall with "gracefulness at the last."—*Raleigh Register.*

A Scottish gentleman, of whom it was truly remarked, that "a wiser man he was a laugh, or a better man he was a bottle, was not to be found among all the country round. Being seated at the table of the Laird of Logan, took a little brandy after his fish, a custom still kept up in that part of Scotland. Observing the glass between him and the light, "Laird," said he, addressing Logan, "this is rather pale for me, I would rather prefer some of your dark brandy." "I assure you, Mr. I am, this is dark." "I have seen you in the dark brandy." "I'll no contradict you, Laird, in your own house; but it looks pale to me." "I'll no contradict you, Mr. H. out of your own house: but you should consider that your nose, and mickle should would gar our man's brandy look pale."

BENEFITS ARISING OUT OF PAIN.—It is a curious circumstance says Dr. Gardner, in his lectures on Zoonomia, that a moderate degree of pain, when unaccompanied by fever, often tends to render the understanding more clear, lively, and active. This is confirmed by the experience of people labouring under the head- ache. I have an account of a man who possessed very uncommon powers of understanding, but who attained the strongest marks of intelligence and genius only during the paroxysms of a severe headache; but that he lost these powers when he recovered from the effects of the pain. Pechlin mentions a young man who during a complaint originating from worms, possessed an astonishing memory and lively imagination, both of which greatly lost by being cured. Haller mentions a man who was enabled to see in the night, while his eyes were inflamed, but lost this power as he got well. All these facts show that a certain action or energy is necessary for the performance of any of the functions of the body or mind, whatever increases this action will, within certain limits, increase those functions.

Dodinos, after seeing sundry exhibitions of his master's skill, began to be very anxious to try his own hand at a feat of practice. An opportunity was not long wanting; for one morning, as he was walking in the pasture in his master's absence, and longing for a chance for attempting something by his own ability a wolf entered the shop with a handkerchief tied round its head, and by its appearance more ruinful than he had last all his relations.

"Is the doctor at home?" said he.

"No."

"Where is he?"

"He's gone over to Cringcompaw."

"To Cringcom. day?—I came within an inch of meeting. How long will he be away?"

"Why, I spose in the course of two or three days, or a week, or a fortnight."

"Two or three ages, you might as well say. I can't wait a minute."

"Who's sick?"

"There's nae nobody sick. But I'm as mad as I can tive; I've got such a jumping tooth ache; and I want the doctor to pull it."

"I can do that myself," said the student, beginning to take the instruments from a drawer.

"Can you?" said the man, with suspicious fly, "did you ever pull a tooth?"

"Did I ever pull a tooth! more!" returned the student, in such a tone as to carry with it a conviction in the mind of the hearer, that he was a most expert operator. "Why, I've pulled, I'll take a seat, he began to examine the offending tooth.

"Do you see it?" said the patient.

"I wonder if I don't!" was the reply.

"Oh, how it does jump!" exclaimed the patient, as the student touched the tooth with a tool, and raving round the room like a bedlamite; "I believe to my soul it'll jamn out of my head."

"Sit down your mouth to the wall," said—"Ah, and keep it in till I get ready to pull it."

He seized the man with the tool, and drawing him to extend his jaws as wide as he could, he introduced a horse fleam by way of a gum lancet, and began to cut around the tooth.

"What are you about, sir?" roared the patient, as well as he could articulate, with the fleam in his mouth.

"Cutting the gum," replied the student.

"You've got the wrong tooth," roared the man; and added to the operator, with a power of voice that it violently away; who springing up and down, and bawling out, "Have you got a mind to cut my tongue half off?"

"Will you keep your head still, then?" said Dody.

"Will you blundering tond you; and let me pull the wrong tooth? The one I wish to have drawn is on the other side of the mouth, and I'm sure it's the last tooth in my head."

"Very well; how should you know which I am cutting? I have cut a good deal for my friend."

"Yes, but I could see it though."

"Being a man of skill, he may be compared to seeing," said the very scientific student. "I could see what I was about, while you've an only feeling."

"Well, one thing I know," persisted the man, "you've got the wrong tooth."

"Very well," returned Dody, "just as you say: I'll pull any tooth you like, if it be in particular about that."

The patient was presently seated once more, and opening wide his jaws, desgusted with his late mistake, indicated beyond a doubt the tooth intracted.

"I see it," said the student, beginning again to introduce his horse fleam: "I'll get the right one now, if there's any right to it."

Then cutting freely round the tooth, he laid the instrument, and began to make a demonstration of applying it, when the man roared out with some to be sure and get the right tooth.

"Don't you intend to pull it?" he added the student: "don't you think I've pulled a tooth afore now?" But the man, from extreme anxiety, was completely carried quick.

"Well, I am pressed; but sure that it's a stopped tooth to ask whether it hurt, be cause if it is, it's good for nothing, and must come out."

"I meant it in a civil way," returned the sufferer, "and had no idea you'd be affronted about it. But I do not like to your liking now. I'll not have it pulled at all, at all, and that's my own darn one."

With that he applied the instrument to the tooth, and with a single wrench, out came two teeth. "There," said he, "I told you that done since."

"Oh, you've pulled my head off!" exclaimed the man, in a rage, "and you've pulled the wrong tooth, and you've got nothing, roaring, and raving, and stamping with pain and passion, he proceeded to tear out hand.

"What a brute you are!" said the student, "you've got a double grinder, and you've got two teeth instead of one!"

"Yes, you did," said the patient. Then looking at the side of his mouth, which his pain had prevented him from examining before, he broke out with a new storm of rage. "Is that the tooth you've pulled two teeth instead of one!"

"Why, you need not be in such a passion," returned the student coolly, "I hasn't charge for one."

"Shan't charge! No, I guess you won't!—Couldn't I had pulled two teeth, you've got a right sliver dollar. It's enough to lose a rotten tooth."

"It's no lose to lose a rotten tooth, though," replied the student, "and as for the sound one, you'd wonder how much better you'll be for having it shook. I think I beat to make a business of it, and will take brief authority," looked upon the Yankees as but little better than brutes,—the shooting is said to have been made.

Before another word was said, a man came into the room and announced that "the boat was ready, and all the passengers."

"Pull the passengers, you rascal!" said the officer cast a sarcastic look at him, and said that he was quite sure that he was not in a condition for his duties, and requested him to do so instantly.

"Pull the passengers, you rascal!" said Dody, "I paid four dollars for that hat, to keep my head and my teeth."

"You impudent puppy!" says the officer working himself into a passion, "you've got no more to lose than you insult me! Off with your hat immediately!"

"No sir, can't do it, keeps my head proper warm."

After several orders of a similar kind, accompanied by curses and threats, which most willingly disregarded, the officer got to his feet and gave his hat a blow that sent it to the adjacent corner of the room. Dody picked it up, and replaced it; this